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THE SPHERE, JULY 15, 1939
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVIII No. 2060 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 15 1939

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 15, 1939

NON-STOP ACROSS FRANCE AND BACK

British Bombers Taking Part in the Mass Flight of Over 100 Machines to Bordeaux and Other Points in the South-west

Defensively speaking, France and Britain grow ever nearer to one another; the Channel is no longer the barrier that it was of old; and the safety of the two nations is, indeed, inextricably linked. Further evidence of this unity was forthcoming on two occasions this week, first when fifty-two of Britain's latest bombers and fighting planes flew to Le Bourget to participate with French machines in a great formation flight over Paris on Bastille Day, and secondly when over 100 bombers took off from English aerodromes on a mass, non-stop, one-day flight which took some of them as far as Bordeaux and back, the total distance being about 1,200 miles. Britain has become too small for exercising our long-range bombers, and so France's Air Ministry has given permission for these extended training flights which are designed to provide fresh navigational problems over country largely unknown to pilots and observers. Nothing could be more heartening than this latest expression of the Entente, save perhaps Mr. Chamberlain's statement at Birmingham on July 8 when he declared, "Our Air Force, I believe, is in many respects the finest in the world, but I warn you that Sir Kingsley Wood does not tell you all his secrets"

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

"OUR AIR FORCE, I BELIEVE, IS IN MANY RESPECTS THE FINEST IN THE WORLD": It was with these words that Mr. Chamberlain heartened his hearers as he delivered a short speech after the Duchess of Kent had opened Birmingham's new £360,000 airport at Elmdon. The Duchess and the Prime Minister are standing on either side of Birmingham's Lord Mayor. On account of bad weather the ceremony had to be held on a balcony instead of right out in the open

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, July 12, 1939.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

—No doubt, if world war come, the attitude and actions of the United States will be determined not by the articles of any neutrality law but by the political and economic effects of the war on America and her possessions and freedom. No doubt the neutrality law, as it stood and as it stands, don't mean very much when war comes, and provocations are inflicted on neutrals by belligerents—such as the *Lusitania* provocation. But before war comes . . . ? That is another thing. America may have it in her power to prevent a world war which will not benefit her, and which she don't want. Mr. Roosevelt took that view. He has had a second and a heavy defeat and he did not expect that defeat. He was confident that he would adjust the American neutrality position to something far nearer his heart's desire, for the benefit of peace and for the welfare of America, now and hereafter. And his surprise was shared, I fancy, by those leaders of Britain who last had speech with him, a very unpleasant surprise it was, but one which one cannot blame on the isolationists, for even here we would give half our goods for the chance of even six months security. But the President takes a longer view and a broader, and he is trying again.

LABOUR'S POLICY RE-VIEWED.

—After studying again Lord Halifax's now famous speech, I turned back to the Labour Party's booklet *Labour's Immediate Policy*. Under "foreign policy" it declares: "A Labour Government will make every endeavour to remove the economic causes of international rivalry and to enable all nations to share, on fair terms, in the abundant wealth of the world. . . it will play its full part in every effort to check the present ruinous arms race and to promote disarmament by international agreement . . . [Re-invigoration of the League, a Ministry of Defence, and promotion by merit in the Services, are other planks in the programme.] These are Labour's plans for prosperity and peace. *These things Labour with power will accomplish.*" When I read those words again, I wondered if Lord Halifax made his speech with a copy before his eyes, or whether, since his speech, Labour has drafted another policy to take the place of that which Mr. Chamberlain's government has apparently *pinched*. In the present state of our relations with Germany and Germany's attitude to civilisation, the proud boast "These things Labour with power will accomplish" seems pitched just a little high even for a political election pamphlet designed for cottage homes. Party strategy was never more difficult to plot out than to-day when every man and woman agrees in the policy of government and knows the truth and realises all the implications of this crisis in our Empire's history. Party tactics indeed to-day are no more than a manifestation of human weakness, to cast one longing look back to the days of security.

MR. CHURCHILL.

—Not seldom in history statesmen have done more for their reputations in opposition or in the wilderness of private membership than in office. Charles Fox, for instance, or Charles Grey, or Edmund Burke. Mr. Churchill has joined that category. In office in years of past danger he did great service and employed great gifts, but, at the end of it, his very versatility undid some of the good which his energy and ability had done to his reputation as a Minister. He was judged too mercurial, too intolerant of opposition, to serve under a Premier who was no cipher. Mr. Churchill is older now. His energy and great abilities are apparently undimmed. Always intensely patriotic, his restraint and fairness to the Government in this past year of humiliation and intense danger have been beyond praise and his warnings and pronouncements have proved wonderfully shrewd and sound. Scores of men who have criticised his rashness and intolerance have come to approve his record in the past year. When the hour of danger comes, his stature increases and he seems to tower above the rank and file of the Cabinet. He has the fire and purpose which so many of them lack and behind him, in his record of office in times of danger, none of the failure that is in the records of other Ministers now in office. None can deny that the Cabinet has weak spots. It is a wonderful tribute to Mr. Churchill that a great daily should in this hour of fate call loudly for his return.

A BLOT ON JUDAISM.

—The Zionist Organisation and the executive of the Jewish agency must have found it of late exceedingly difficult to harmonise their declared policy of calm, strong, courageous and wise resistance to the White Paper with the brutal and senseless acts of terrorism committed daily by demented Jews in Jerusalem, Haifa and Tel Aviv. Indeed, Mr. Ben Gurion has admitted that in his view success can only come by restraint in opposition. The degree of madness shown by these terrorists is best appreciated by observing the recent loss of sympathy which the cause of Zionism has sustained in Britain as a result of the latest outrages. At a time when the Jews are the victims of an unparalleled martyrdom in half Europe and have found with the democracies a last haven of refuge, it is madness indeed that a section of those who still at least have a home under a flag of freedom should betray and embarrass in her hour of gravest crisis one of the last countries which has attempted to find a national home and sure foundations for a persecuted race. It is not strange, therefore, if we who have sympathised with, admired, and for so many centuries given equality and sanctuary to the Jewish race, should bitterly resent such disgraceful acts of terrorism and even reconsider some of the severest charges brought against the race by those who have rejected Judaism. If ever patience was called for, it is called for now among the Jews in Palestine, while the unforeseen difficulties of settlement are being coped with under conditions so critical for the whole Empire. It is indeed impossible for the average Englishman not to class these terrorists with the least educated Arab thugs and the still viler and more primitive savages of the I.R.A. bands who freely roam England and commit their outrages on innocent people. And that justifiable classification does infinite harm to the reputation for culture and civilising influence of the Jews settled in Palestine. In the present pass of Judaism, at least it is impossible not to concede courage to the verge of recklessness to those terrorists of a race which, having lost so much, now risks losing its last defenders. Small wonder if Mr. Gurion and other Zionist leaders are embarrassed.

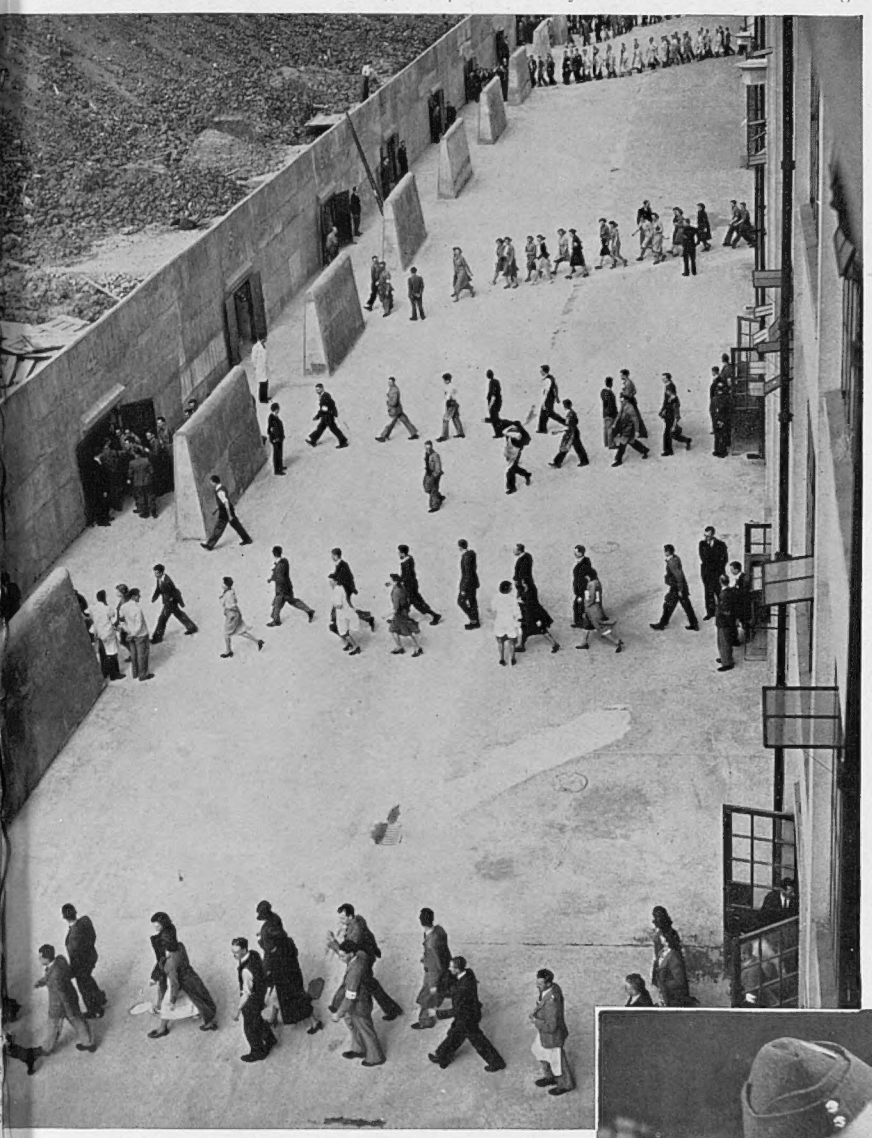
THE PEAK.

—The "Peak of the Season" coincides with the peak of the crisis of civilisation and this Empire. These two "peaks" divide the notice of the Press. It is a curious example of the fact I have so often stressed of late that for months past we have been living with a foot in two worlds. While we prepare for the worst which the crisis of civilisation may bring, we perforce derive still our habit of thought from our roots in the old world in which we were born and bred. We still wear top hats on ceremonial occasion; we turn to the stop press news for results from Wimbledon, Lord's, St. Andrews, Henley. We are resolute in khaki and "fools" in flannel. The debutantes who dance do it, however, as did their great grandmothers in the barn at Brussels on June 15, 1815. The peak of the London season is no doubt the sweet of our social year and tells us Britishers what we stand to lose by the collapse of civilisation. But though in not intolerable national pride, we claim that our social and sporting "peak" has no rival in the range, we are well aware that every nation can offer its nationals sweets not less dear, sporting events not less thrilling and absorbing to them, and we know that no sane man in any one of those nations can endure the idea of sacrificing the sweets of civilised life for the ghastly purposes of wholesale murder. Yet, when the first bomb drops the world will be ablaze and every peak in that range of pleasant fixtures and dear delights will split and topple over, never more to be seen or enjoyed as of old. Therefore we shall stand, while we stand, with both feet in one world, and a grim one.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT INAUGURATES A PIGEON POST SERVICE: Her Royal Highness pictured at Fort Dunlop, headquarters of the Dunlop Rubber Company, before releasing thirty pigeons which have been trained in case communications should be interrupted by war. The event took place on the same day as the visit to Birmingham's new airport at Elmdon, which came at the end of an arduous provincial to

FAREWELL TO THE LYCEUM.

—It was fitting that the Lyceum should drop its curtain for the last time on the greatest dramatist's greatest play. Old Stagers may say that Theatreland without the Lyceum will be Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. Small wonder if the goodbyes were emotional. No memories are more vivid and poignant than memories of old plays seen. Here Irving played, here Ellen Terry showed her glorious best. And is there bathos to recall that here the Melvilles gave the public—which did not then regard itself as mawkish—what it wanted, superbly served, for very many years? How much of the greatest drama is melo-drama! What else is Macbeth? It is the matter and not the manner which counts in all forms of art, always provided that those who interpret art are themselves artists. And the record of the Lyceum for conscientious work by actors and producers and dramatists was consistently high, as decade by decade, it gave the public what its current manner of thought



A.R.P. EFFICIENCY IN A LONDON FACTORY: Employees filing briskly out of the New Southgate works of Standard Telephones and Cables, Ltd., and into the series of bomb-proof shelters erected for them by the management. This picture was taken last week during the demonstration held in the presence of Sir John Anderson, the Lord Privy Seal, and the whole programme was carried out according to a time-table, which was strictly observed. As the 6,000 workers marched out in double file from the exits aeroplanes flew overhead, and further realism was lent to the scene by the explosion of dummy bombs and the starting of fires. In front of each pair of steel doors is a concrete anti-blast shield

demanded. A great servant of the public has passed. "The rest is silence"—and memories.

MAYFAIR'S FAIR NAME.

—The Mayfair case is over, thank goodness, and some of the young blackguards concerned in it are sentenced as they deserved. It is all rather hard on Mayfair to have had its name mixed up in this unsavoury case of rotten, slick youths preying on foolish, idle women. The terms "Mayfair" and "Society" are freely and loosely applied to most criminal cases involving persons who have enough money to wear evening clothes and to haunt night clubs, picking up what free drinks and other wasting assets they may. Yet in Mayfair and in Society (whatever Society may mean) there are still a majority of persons who lead respectable lives and are not merely raffish night-birds who come out at dusk in search of prey and free drinks and excitement and adventure, whether sexual or criminal. It always strikes me that the protection accorded to the names of the public schools which educated young "Society" thieves might be extended also to the area of London wherein they happen to lodge. The good name of Mayfair is as much entitled to protection as are those of Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and the rest of the public schools. Black satin went out of fashion for years when Mrs. Manning elected to be hanged in black satin. I suppose it is too much to hope that night clubs will suffer now a temporary eclipse.

RIGHT ROYAL ROYAL.—

The "Royal" was undoubtedly a draw. The King and Queen are a honey-pot which draws every bee (and drone) from far and wide. Nothing could have been prettier than the start of the procession from the private courtyard at the castle. Seen through the arch, the pretty carriage, drawn by four Windsor Greys, bowling down the straight road, bordered in vivid green, under a bright blue sky, was as jolly a spectacle as the eye could see. One wondered how many cars (99 per cent. were owner-driven) remained on the rest of the roads of England. By 11 o'clock the road as far away as Farnham was a queue of slowly moving cars bound for Windsor. The queue was still moving slowly up at half past two when I left Windsor Park to return through Farnham. At the time of Their Majesties' arrival at a quarter before one, the queues of cars north, south, east, and west of Windsor were stationary and apparently endless. Only through Datchet could progress to Windsor itself be made except by stop-go snail's progress. The authorities, taken by surprise, did valiantly and there was very little discomfort or tyranny beyond what was inevitable.

A GREAT VARSITY MATCH.

—Oxford beat Cambridge in a great varsity match. The bowling honours go to Oxford, the batting to Cambridge, high honours in the field are shared. How seldom is the third day of that now neglected match worth attending! The country parsons have long since given it up and the country squires have ceased to exist. Yet the end would have justified the filling of some of those vast white empty spaces. At 4 o'clock it was all over bar the shouting! Cambridge, with the rabbit hutch open, and all the best wickets down, wanted 200 runs and more to avoid defeat. Yet at 7 o'clock, Cambridge looked like winning! Left to make over 400 in the fourth innings, they all but achieved the impossible and only the grit of Oxford's tired bowlers saved Oxford from defeat or stalemate. It was a great match which deserved better support.

"THETIS" INQUIRY.—The court whose proceedings have daily filled the press columns with nightmare details and deeds of calm heroism is not charged with allocating blame but with getting at the truth. The rest of the truth, at the moment of writing, lies at the bottom of the sea with the dead bodies of many brave and invaluable men. When the shell of the *Thetis* is opened new light may be shed on evidence accepted by the court as fact. Meanwhile, the thought that has daily struck me is the vast difference which divides the natures of men. I realise that a majority of the human race possess nervous systems which enable them to contemplate doing anything which men are called on to do, and that a minority are so constituted, physically and mentally, that they are totally unable to face the conditions implicit in certain trades. Yet the minority are not on that account cowards or deficient in manhood or its attributes. It always has amazed me how large is the majority that can contemplate, and within their physical limitations pursue, such trades as coal-mining, submarine service, flying, climbing to great heights, and so on. I suppose that the minority which suffer from various forms of claustrophobia, which utterly bar them from such professions, is relatively small, and well it is for recruiting if that be so. But the minority exists and is made up of sane, sound, and useful citizens in the main, who silently endure this handicap which precludes them from joining (but does not prevent them from admiring intensely) the great majority who can fill the ranks of these professions.

THE WORLD'S EYES ON NORTH CORNWALL.—

Can it be that Mr. Lloyd George exaggerates? There is a by-election pending in North Cornwall, with a Liberal candidate, Mr. Horabin. Mr. Horabin (pace Mr. George) has it in his power to make a dent on Hitler's hard heart and to melt the ice of Mussolini's. Both of these dictators are watching Newquay and Launceston to see if the "old spirit" of Britain is still alive. If Mr. Horabin gets in, they will know that it is alive and flaring up, and they will repent and come into the peaceful sheep-fold. It all depends therefore on Mr. Horabin and the Liberals of Cornwall, with help from Mr. Lloyd George's honeyed tongue tucked into his pink cheek. None knows better than the man of Limehouse the tricks of election technique. In that theatre, the grease paints cannot be laid on too thick, the villains cannot be too black nor the heroine too white—the arch villain is Mr. Chamberlain, the blushing heroine Mr. Churchill. Those who kill Cock Horabin will kill the old spirit of England. The old spirit is not dead in the Welsh Wizard. Nor in the leader of the Liberal Opposition. I share with Mr. Spender his contempt for Sir Archibald Sinclair's attack on the Premier at Wadebridge. When men employ for narrow party ends these methods of recrimination in times so critical, they bring contempt on themselves, their party and the institution of Parliament.

THE OLD STAGER

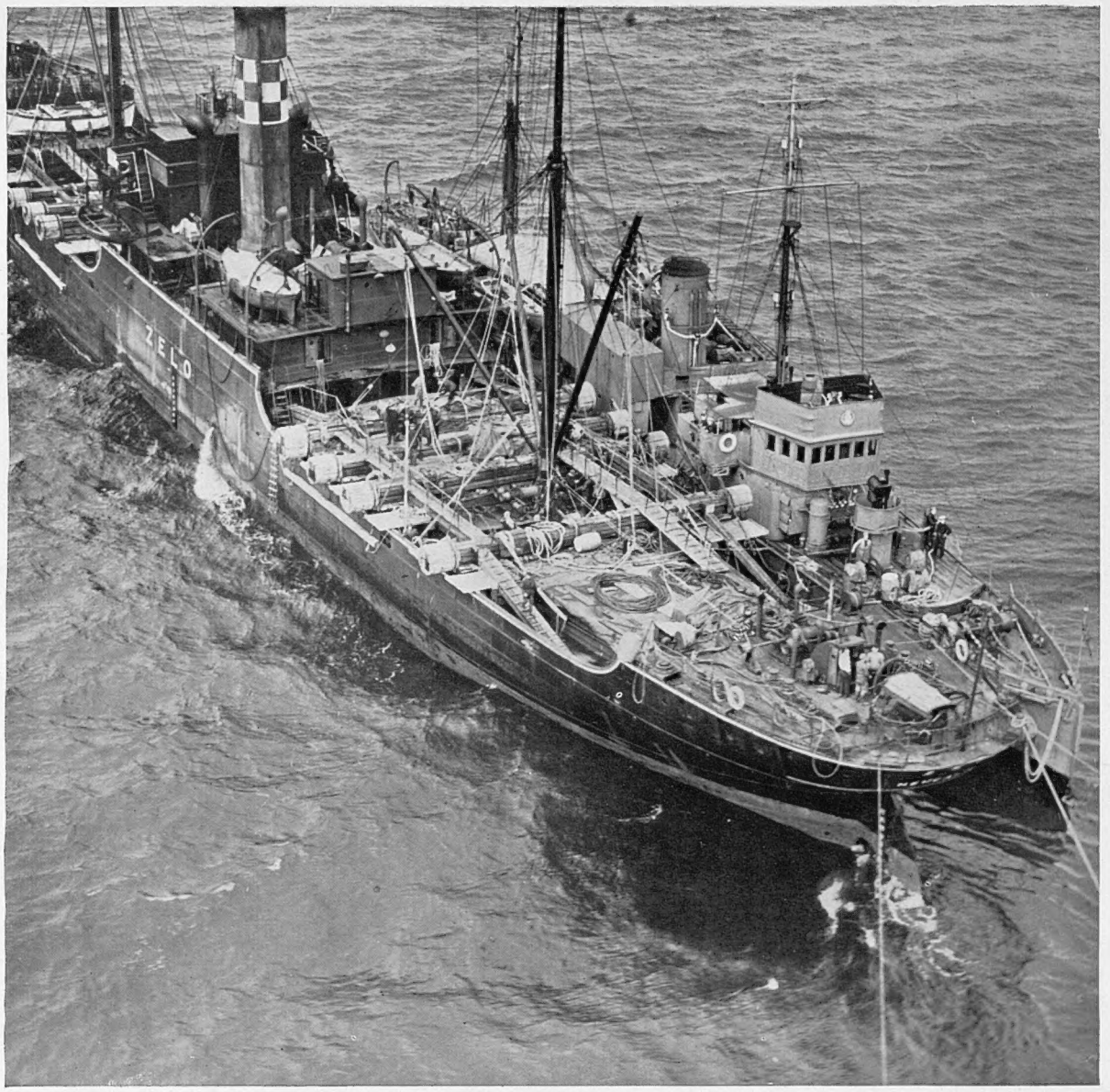
THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS

An illustrated record of the famous Savoy operas has been prepared by "The Sphere," giving newly-taken pictures both in colour and photogravure. The book is priced at 3s. 6d. and may be obtained from the Publisher, "The Sphere" 32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4

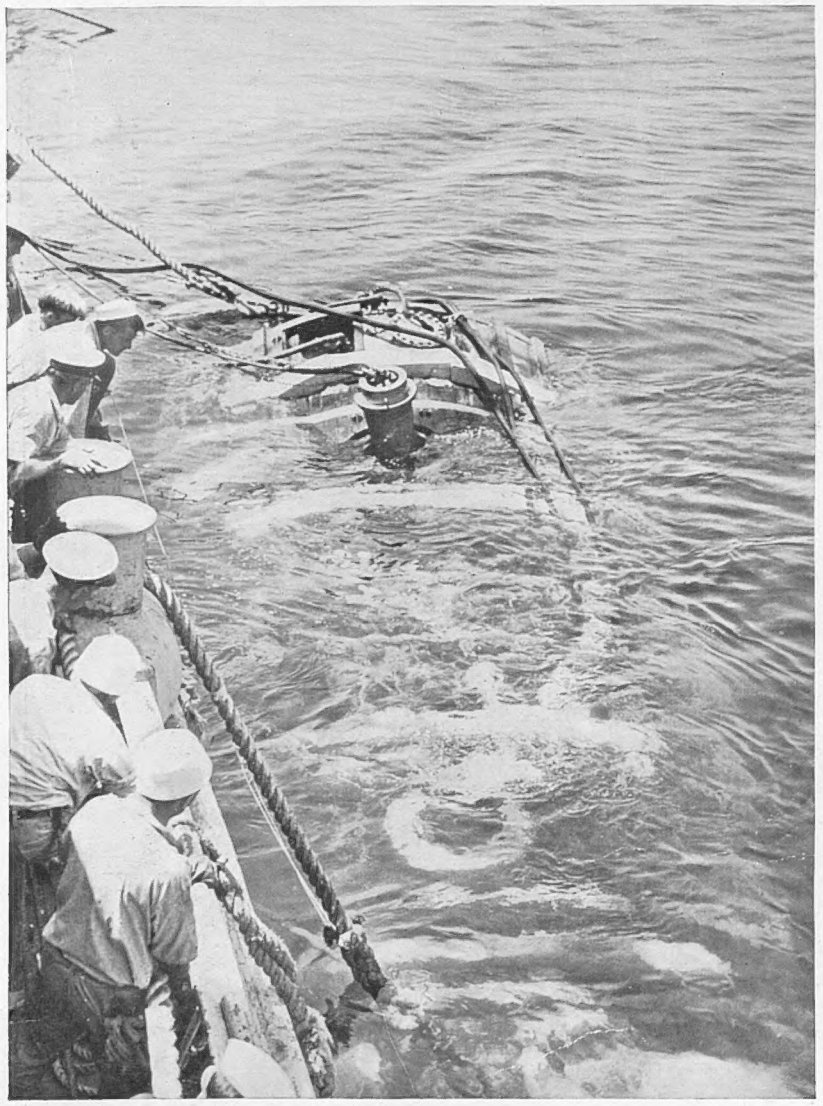
IN THE MONEY: Members of the Balloon Barrage Section of the Auxiliary Air Force photographed with their embodiment gratuities (£5 per man) after reporting last Sunday for a month's duty at Kidbrooke Royal Air Force station. In addition to the gratuity they receive daily pay during the period of mobilisation. "Recruitment for the R.A.F. and the Auxiliary Service has been magnificent," states Sir Kingsley Wood, "and what is equally important," he emphasises, "we are maintaining the high quality of our personnel"

THE "THETIS

Further Dramatic Evidence Brought



THE "THETIS" SALVAGE EFFORT AGAIN DELAYED: An aerial view of the *Zelo* (nearest camera) which, while engaged on the preparatory work for raising the ill-fated submarine, dragged her forward anchors, broadsided to a strong gale, and damaged two bollards. As a result she was recalled to the Cammell Laird yards where new and stronger bollards were quickly fitted. It was declared on July 10 that the *Zelo* was almost ready to return to duty again. Divers report that the *Thetis* lies on the sea bed swept clear of sand and debris by the fast currents



SALVAGING THE "SQUALUS": One of the huge pontoons, to be used in raising the sunken American submarine, disappearing out of sight during operations off the New Hampshire coast. It will be remembered that 26 men lost their lives in the *Squalus* and 33 were rescued by diving bell. An inquiry is now being held

JUST a month after the fatal June 3, when hope for the ninety-nine men still left in the submarine *Thetis* beneath the waters of Liverpool Bay was finally abandoned, the official inquiry into the great disaster began in the Divorce and Admiralty Division of the Law Courts before Mr. Justice Bucknill.

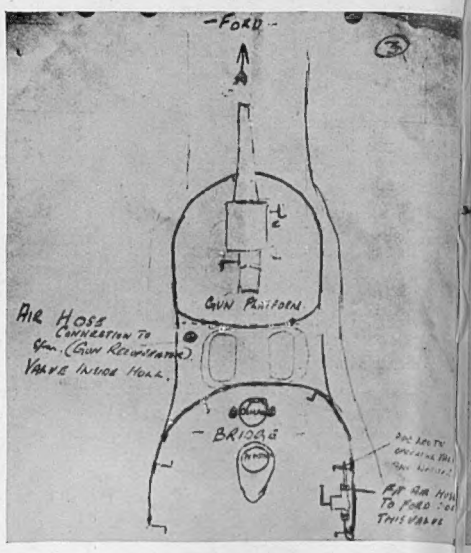
The proceedings began with a two-hour speech from Sir Donald Somervell, the Attorney-General, who summarised the situation in the light of information gained from the four survivors—Captain Oram, Lieutenant Woods, Stoker Arnold, and Mr. Frank Shaw, the civilian fitter employed by Messrs. Cammell Laird.

Thereafter the four men gave evidence in their own words, gradually building up the scene within the sunken submarine.

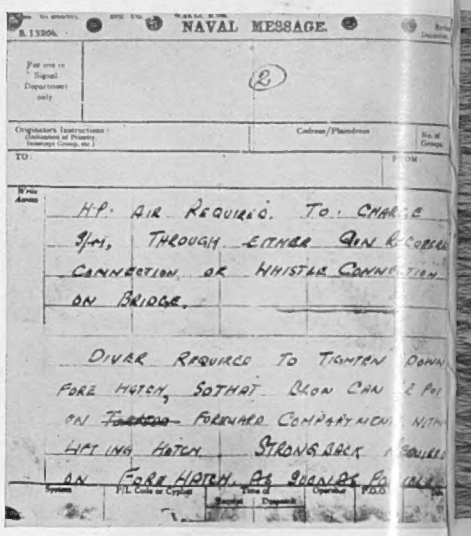
Captain Oram spent six hours in the witness box, answering by the score questions of the greatest technicality, which often proved difficult for the layman to follow.

Then followed Lieutenant Woods, the only survivor who saw the fatal inrush of water in the forward compartments. His manly bearing and obvious modesty won the admiration of the whole court and it was little wonder that when he left the witness box, Mr. Justice Bucknill was moved to declare:—"The Court highly appreciates the very clear way in which you have given your evidence. The only comment I have to make is that you have not said quite enough about the very gallant way you behaved afterwards."

On the fourth day of the inquiry, when Mr. Frank Shaw gave evidence and described how the crew worked all night in order to bring the stern of the *Thetis* to the surface, members of the Court were shown facsimiles of the plan drawn up in the submarine and attached in a watertight package to the arm of Captain Oram who rose with them to the surface. Pages 2, 3 and 4 of the plans reproduced above.



THE PLAN THAT FAILED: This diagram, intended to show the rescuers where to fit air lines was drawn up at the conference of all hands in the doomed submarine and together with several other diagrams was strapped to the arm of Captain Oram who rose to the surface



NAVAL MESSAGE.

H.P. AIR REQUIRED TO CHARGE S/M, THROUGH EITHER GUN RECOIL CONNECTION OR WHISTLE CONNECTION ON BRIDGE.

DIVER REQUIRED TO TIGHTEN DOWN FORE HATCH, SOTHAT GUN CAN BE PUT ON FORWARD COMPARTMENTS WITH LIFTING HATCH. STRONG BACK REQUIRED ON FORE HATCH AS SPANNER FOR BOLTS

WRITTEN IN CLEAR, BOLD, BLOCK CAPITALS revealing no sign of failing strength, the sheet, brought to the surface by Captain Oram told the salvage craft exactly what they had to do. The first paragraph suggested that air should be supplied either through the gun recuperator connection or the whist

THE "THETIS" HOUR BY HOUR

A Diary of the Happenings on the Thre Opening Days of June Compiled fro Contemporary Press Announcements

JUNE 1, THURSDAY

1.40 p.m.—*Thetis* dived in Liverpool Bay for three hours' acceptance trial.

4.30 p.m.—Submarine failed to return to surface.

6.20 p.m.—Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, put in operation emergency procedure. (P.M.)

8.30 p.m.—Submarine reported overdue.

9.6 p.m.—Destroyer *Brazen* arrived in vicinity and searched throughout night. (P.M.)

9.20 p.m.—Squadron of R.A.F. sighted marker buoy released from submarine. (P.M.)

10 p.m.—Admiralty stated every rescue effort is being made.

JUNE 2, FRIDAY

7.54 a.m.—H.M.S. *Brazen* locates stern of *Thetis* sticking out of water. (P.M.)

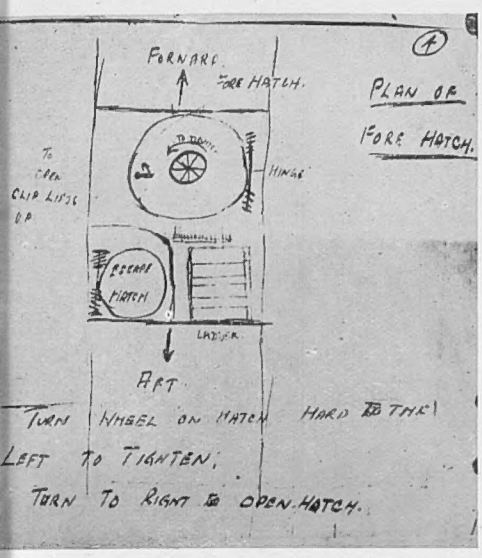
8.35 a.m.—Admiralty confirmed *Thetis* located, and that tapping signals indicated that all were alive.

8.50 a.m.—Captain Oram and Lieutenant Woods escaped from submarine.

9.50 a.m.—Leading Stoker Arnold and Cammell Laird official, Frank Shaw, rescued by Davis escape apparatus.

INQUIRY

Light at the Law Courts Hearing



THE LAY-OUT OF THE FORE HATCH which was also included among the documents brought to the surface by Captain Oram. The idea was that the fore hatch should be tightened by a diver so that "blow" could with safety be put on the flooded forward compartments

MARKING THE SPOT where ninety-nine men went to their deaths. The flag buoy which floats above the *Thetis* while salvage operations are in progress. The idea has been to beach her at Anglesey, but, such is the state of the tides and so continuous have been the gales, all operations have proved intensely difficult

10.35 a.m. — Admiralty official said "Every hope of getting them all out by Davis escape apparatus."

1.40 p.m.—Only four of *Thetis* complement rescued—24 hours after dive.

4 p.m.—Position of imprisoned men gave cause for anxiety.

5 p.m.—Tapping again heard inside hull, stern disappears about this time, the submarine slewing round while rescue operations were in progress.

6 p.m.—Admiralty stated that stern did not reappear as expected when tide turned.

8.15 p.m.—Announced that rope had been passed under bow of submarine.

10 p.m.—Admiralty stated hope of saving any further lives was diminishing.

JUNE 3, SATURDAY

12.10 a.m.—"Little hope" announced from Cammell Laird's shipyard at Birkenhead to hundreds of workers.

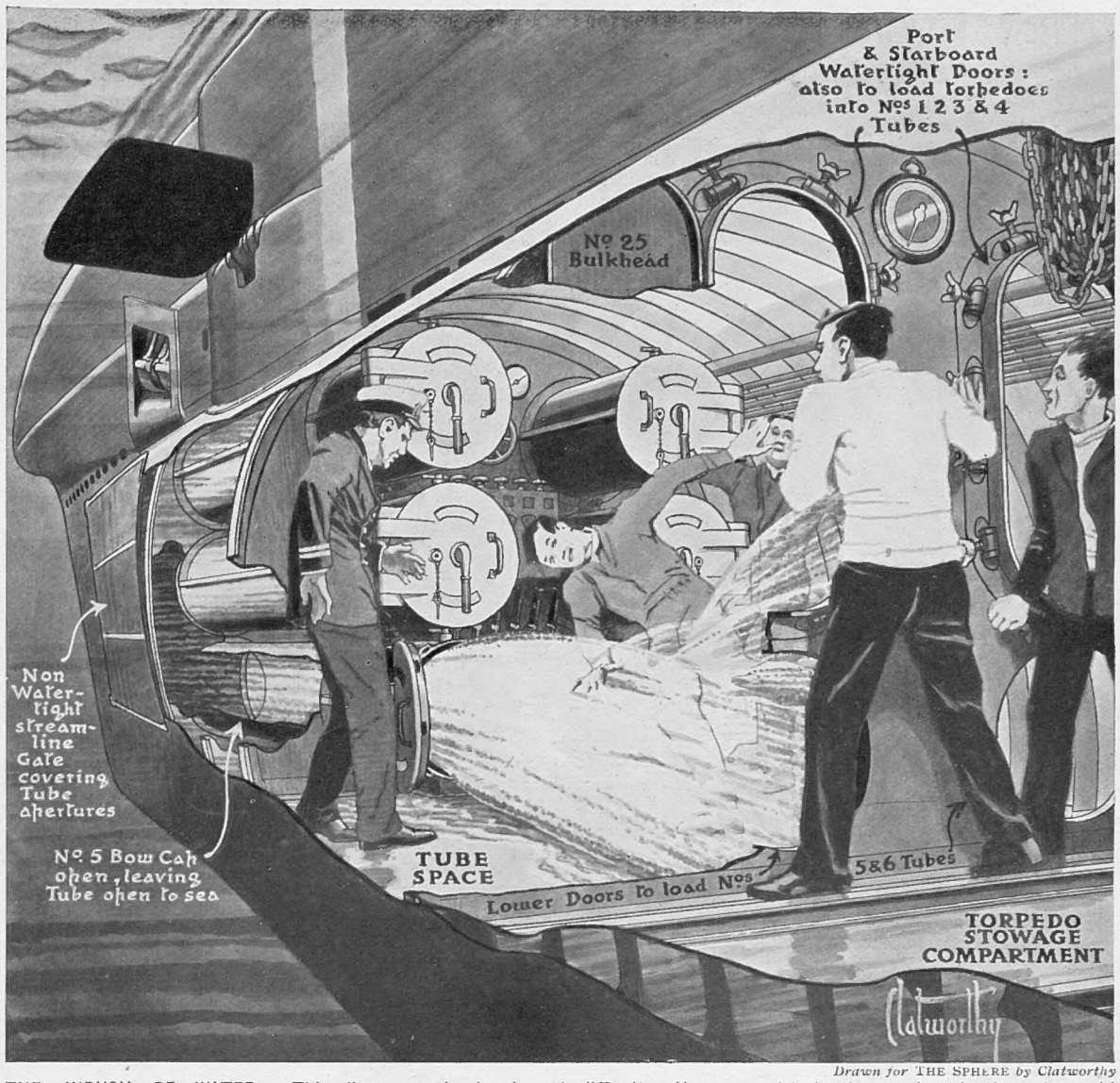
3 a.m.—Stated that divers reported at 2 a.m. that faint tappings had been heard.

10 a.m.—Learned that following 2 a.m. tappings there was still hope some of crew might be rescued alive.

3.30 p.m. — Officially announced by Messrs. Cammell Laird hope given up of saving further lives.

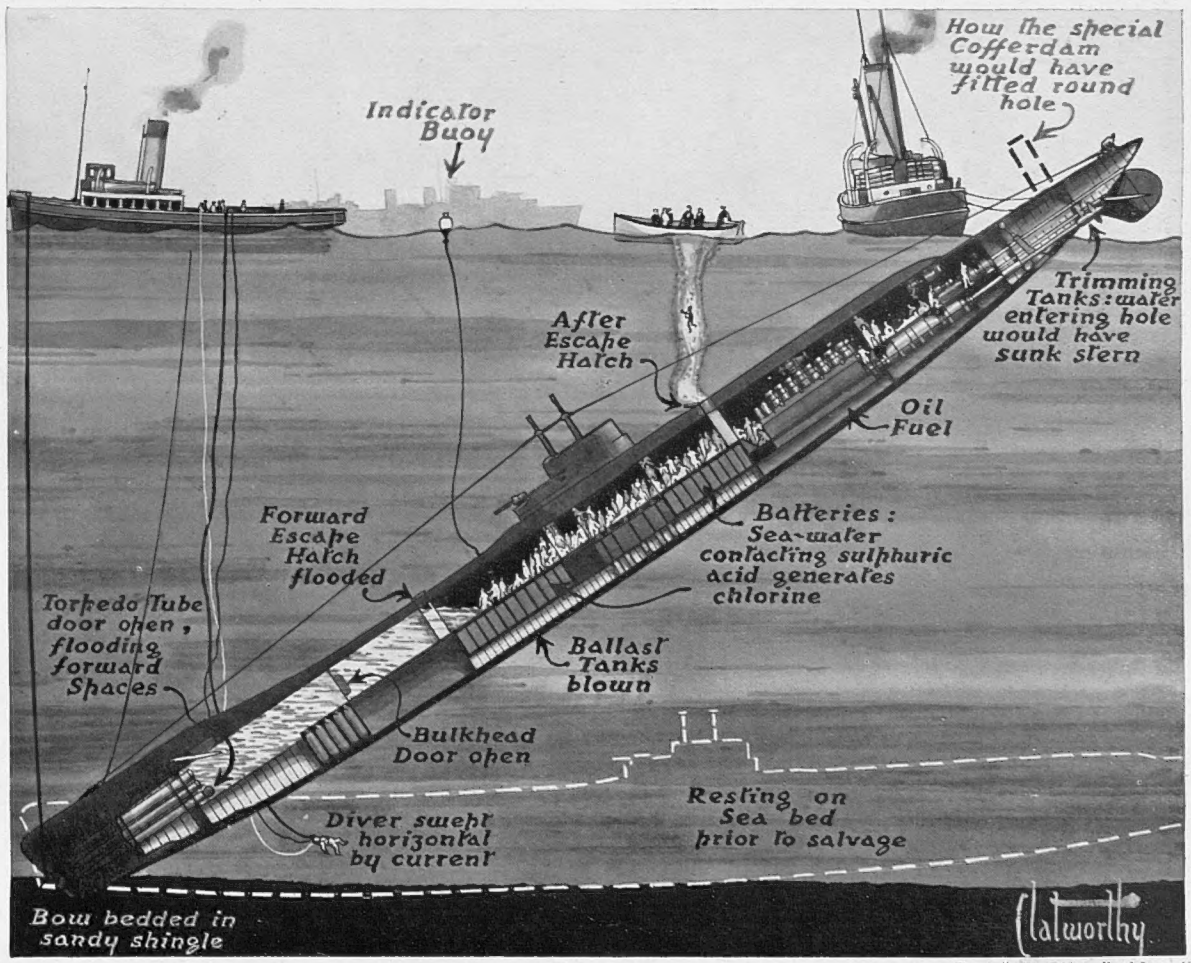
4.30 p.m. — Officially announced by Admiralty that all hope was abandoned.

NOTE.—The incidents marked (P.M.) indicate the times given by the Prime Minister in his statement to Parliament on Monday, June 5.



Drawn for THE SPHERE *by Clatworthy*

THE INRUSH OF WATER: This diagrammatic drawing, though not intended to depict the actual incident, has been drawn for the purpose of helping the layman to realise the extent of the inrush of sea water when the 21-in. torpedo tube door was forced back. In his evidence Lieutenant Woods, the only survivor who saw the actual inrush, stated: "I then began to open No. 5 tube. It showed no sign of air or water. With the final movement of the lever water began to issue from the bottom of the tube. Before I could take any action the door was flung back and a large volume of water began to flow into the tube space . . . The tube compartment began to fill rapidly and I had some difficulty in gaining the port door. Leading Seaman Hambrook, who was behind me, was in some difficulty. He appeared to be thrown about by the water and I had to assist him out of the compartment, which meant that some time was wasted before the port watertight door could be closed. While I was by No. 5 rear door and the water was coming in I shouted to Petty Officer Mitchell to tell the control room to blow. He passed this order by telephone . . . Two men tried to shut the door. There was delay because it was held back by a latch and the men had to get round the door and let the latch go. . . . Petty Officer Mitchell and I endeavoured again to shut the door, but due to the clips and the angle of the submarine we were unable to do so and I shouted to the men to make for the next bulkhead. About this time the lights went out. I found great difficulty in climbing out of the compartment owing to the angle of the ship"



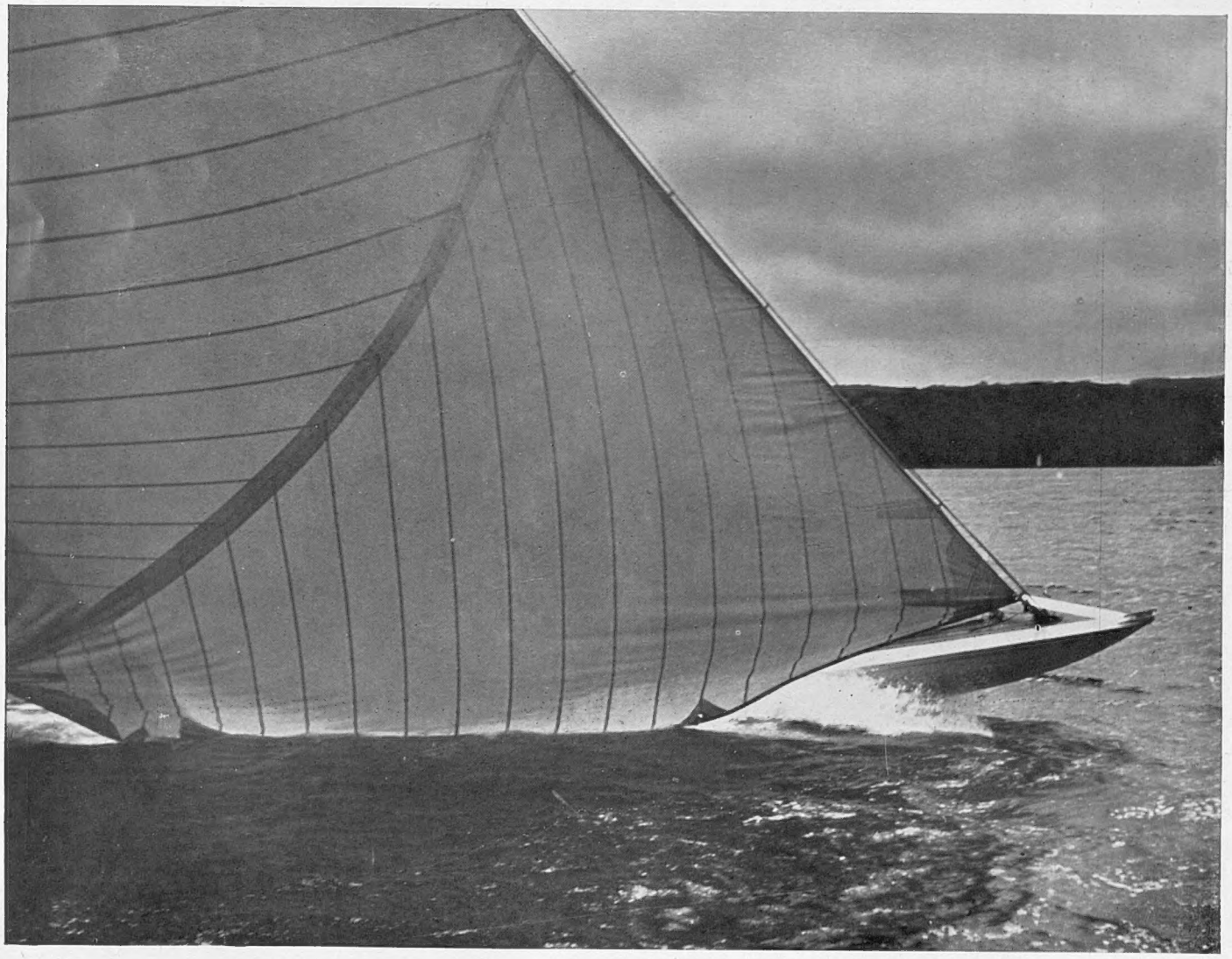
From "The Sphere" of June 10

THE FIRST POSITION OF THE "THETIS": A diagram specially made for "The Sphere" to show how the submarine came to rest after her two forward compartments had been flooded. The aft escape hatch, it will be seen, was very near the surface but, owing to the angle of the submarine, escape was made additionally difficult. On July 5 Stoker Arnold stated at the inquiry:—"When the chamber was flooded Shaw pushed the hatch up and went up. Then I went out myself. I got caught on some clips as I went out of the hatch, and kicked myself free. I also struck some wires, but I reached the surface, and was picked up by the *Vigilant's* motor-boat." The vessel now lies on an even keel on the sea-bed and divers who have been working there are unofficially reported to have declared that the periscope is smashed

"HEY HO THE WIND AND THE RAIN": Yachtsmen Did Not Mind, But Wimbledon Suffered

THE NORTHERN COWES

The international six-metre class boats *Johan*, *Kini* (the eventual winner), and *Vrana* making for the turning buoy while racing in a strong breeze over one of the Rothesay courses during the Clyde fortnight which invariably produces a notable gathering of yachts and yachtsmen



On left — **DRAGGING A "FOOT" IN THE SEA:** Mr. H. S. Vanderbilt's 12-metre yacht *Vim*, which has been racing in England with such success during the present season, pictured at a dramatic moment during one of her contests against the English boats at Torbay Regatta. It was ideal yachting weather, with a perfectly true whole-sail breeze, west by south, and thus gave *Vim* a chance to show once again what a really first-rate boat she is

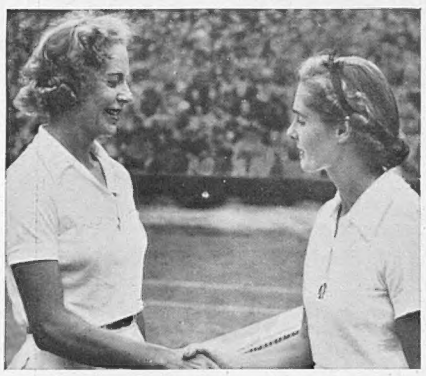
On right—**WHILE YACHTSMEN ENJOYED THEMSELVES** lawn tennis enthusiasts for the most part found Wimbledon a dreary place during the last three days of the championships, and, as depicted here, there was many an enforced wait on account of the rain, spectators in the open stands having to shelter under their umbrellas as an alternative to losing their seats. There were so many halts on one of the semi-final days that Miss Stammers actually took over four hours to defeat Mrs. Fabyan and bring herself to the final, where she fell before the brilliance of Miss Marble

While the six-metre yachts were glorying on the strong breeze in the Clyde, this picture of British warships, ploughing with lordly disdain through the choppy water, was taken off Portland Bill. Leading is the destroyer *Echo*, while on the right is the battleship *Rodney*

CHANNEL PARADE

AMERICA TRIUMPHS AT WIMBLEDON

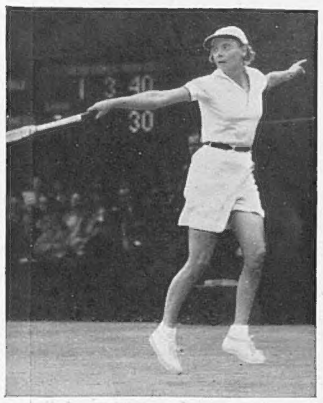
Riggs and Miss Marble Carry All Before Them in the 1939 Championships



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN DUEL: Miss Alice Marble (U.S.A.) being congratulated by Miss Kay Stammers (Great Britain) after her decisive victory in the final of the Women's Singles at Wimbledon, a victory that was accomplished with masculine power in 30 mins. The English girl won only two games in the first set and none in the second set

ALL-AMERICAN FINALISTS: R. L. Riggs (U.S.A.) receives the congratulations of E. T. Cooke (U.S.A.) after their stern five-set struggle for the vacant throne of Donald Budge. Riggs eventually won by 2—6, 8—6, 3—6, 6—3, 6—2, but he was not by any means exciting to watch and the interminable backhand exchanges at times wearied the Centre Court crowd

THE curtain rang down on the 1939 Wimbledon with five American players occupying the centre of the stage. Two of them, Miss A. Marble, the American champion, and R. L. Riggs, the singles champion, won three titles each. Two more, Mrs. S. P. Fabyan and E. T. Cooke, assisted in gaining doubles titles, and the fifth, D. McNeill, the French champion, won the All-England Men's Plate for competitors beaten in the first two rounds of the open singles. Thus records were shattered and Europe vanished from the challenge.



SHE HAS EVERY STROKE IN THE GAME: Brilliant Miss Marble in action during the first set in her one-sided Wimbledon duel with Miss Stammers

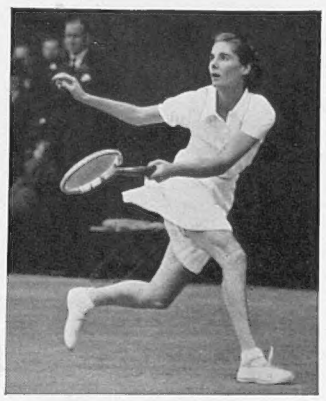
Never before in the history of the championships have two players won all three events possible to them in one year. Never before has one man, playing in his first Wimbledon, won three titles as Riggs did (J. D. Budge won all three last year but it was not his first attempt), and never before has America dominated to the extent of even winning the Men's Plate as well. Only one single event came to Britain. The All-England Women's Plate was won by Mrs. R. D. McKelvie. No Americans competed in it.

And so a considered open Wimbledon became an American monopoly. A monopoly that showed progression in the women's game and retrogression in the men's.

Great Britain was represented in three open finals. Miss K. Stammers unsuccessfully fought the women's singles. F. H. D. Wilde and C. E. Hare failed in their second men's doubles final to Riggs and Cooke, and Wilde and Miss N. B. Brown fell to Riggs and Miss Marble in the mixed doubles. This was Miss Marble's third successive win in the mixed, and here was the greater all-round achievement, this being Miss Marble's third Wimbledon.

At the L.T.A. ball on Saturday night, following the finals, Sir Samuel Hoare, the president, said: "I wish that politicians had the same anticipation in their sphere as these two champions, Miss Marble and Riggs, have in their game." Riggs said: "I was lucky. It might have been Cooke who was standing here making this speech." Miss Marble corrected Sir Samuel by saying that it was last year and not the year before that he predicted her as Mrs. F. S. Moody's successor as Wimbledon champion, which in actual fact she is. Later that night Miss Marble, well known in her country as a crooner, sang for the first time in England. With a contralto, semi-masculine voice, she sang that famous American dance-music classic, "Stardust." Her voice was as manly as her play.

Miss Marble went through six rounds of the championship singles losing only twenty-one games, a feat only beaten by Mlle S. Lenglen. Miss Marble lost only two games in the semi-final and final, a feat unchallenged in the history of the game. She won all three events as aforesaid, a feat only equalled by Mlle Lenglen among the women. The decisiveness of Miss Marble's final victory over Miss Stammers has also only been equalled by Mlle Lenglen who won by the same score, 6—2, 6—0, twice, in 1922 against Mrs. M. Mallory and in 1925 against Miss J. Fry.



A DESPERATE RETURN: Miss Stammers retrieving a ball from the left hand corner during her final gallant fight for Britain on Saturday

Where does Miss Marble stand in the line of great players? Miss Lottie Dodd, who won the title five times, first at the age of fifteen (she also won the women's golf title and was second in the Olympic Games Archery) considers Miss Marble the greatest of them all. Her rivals are obviously Mlle Lenglen, Mrs. F. S. Moody and Mrs. Lambert Chambers. Of these I put Mlle Lenglen still the greatest and Miss Marble, because of her amazing versatility in being a great singles and doubles player, second.

Riggs, whose only national title this is (he was beaten early on in last year's American Championships and in the final of the French this year), is not a great champion. His methods are decadent but he has a spark of genius which makes him intensely interesting as a study.

In the final he came within a point of being two sets down. He would have won despite that deficit against Cooke, whom he has beaten on their thirteen previous meetings. Riggs made his only error of judgment in this final.

He calculated on wearing Cooke down physically and mentally. He succeeded in both objects. Time and again Riggs deuced and advantaged his man, pulling him back continually. He was stretching Cooke's concentration and temperament to the limit; over the limit as it proved, for Riggs won the second set and the last two with comparative ease. Cooke was mentally and physically exhausted. Riggs is an artist, but not a great player.

Roy McKelvie

HOW THEY WON THROUGH TO THE FINAL

RIGGS	MISS MARBLE	MISS STAMMERS
versus	versus	versus
J. N. Dhamija (India), 6—3, 6—0, 6—4	Mrs. J. S. Kirk (G.B.), 6—3, 6—2	Miss E. A. Middleton (G.B.), 6—0, 6—2
E. R. Avory (G.B.), 6—4, 6—4, 6—2	Miss B. G. Beazley (G.B.), 6—4, 6—3	Miss N. B. Brown (G.B.), 6—2, 6—2
C. E. Malfroy (New Zealand), 8—6, 11—9, 6—2	Madame A. Halff (France), 6—1, 6—1	Madame S. Henrotin (France), 7—5, 6—2
R. A. Shayes (G.B.), 7—5, 6—8, 6—4, 6—3	Panna J. Jedrzejowska (Poland), 6—1, 6—4	Miss H. H. Jacobs (U.S.A.), 6—2, 6—2
Ghaus Mahommed (India), 6—2, 6—2, 6—2	Fru. H. Sperling (Denmark), 6—0, 6—0	Mrs. S. P. Fabyan (U.S.A.), 7—5, 2—6, 6—3
F. Puncec (Yugoslavia), 6—2, 6—3, 6—4	Miss K. E. Stammers (G.B.), 6—2, 6—0	Miss A. Marble (U.S.A.), lost 6—2, 6—0
E. T. Cooke (U.S.A.), 2—6, 8—6, 3—6, 6—3, 6—2		

Can Koolen Succeed Where Colijn Failed?

Uneasy Political Alliances Create A Problem For Dutch Statesmen

ON June 30, Dr. Colijn, one of the most successful of Dutch Prime Ministers, handed in his own and his Government's resignation to the Queen of the Netherlands. To-day, July 10, Holland is still without a government. The Catholic State Counsellor Koolen, charged by the Queen with the task of forming a new government, is busy presiding over an investigation into the causes of an aeroplane disaster, so we do not know yet what his plans and his chances are. We do know that he must hurry up, or a larger disaster will need investigation.

Practically the whole country deplores the absence of Dr. Colijn from the leadership of his country at such a time as this. There is no other figure in Dutch politics who commands the same respect; and none, one hazards, who is better able to lead the Netherlands through the political and economic perils threatening every country, big and small. After he had handed in his resignation, the Queen asked him to have another try. It was no use. He can do nothing without Catholic support, and the Catholics are obstinately determined to carry out financial experiments which shock the conservative-traditionalist Colijn to the marrow.

The alliance of the Colijn conservatives and de Geer Protestants with the Catholics (who had four important ministerial posts) has always been uneasy. The 'Unholy Alliance' it has been called by its critics. But it was either that or a Catholic-Socialist coalition, which would have been a good deal unholier. For two years now, in the fourth of Dr. Colijn's periods as head of the Dutch Government, the aged statesman has succeeded in keeping the coalition together on a basis of sound, conservative politics. Those in the know have long been aware, however, that a continuance of the coalition would only be possible if Dr. Colijn abandoned his financial principles and let the Catholics have a go at demagogic experiments designed to reduce the number of unemployed and improve the social conditions of the working classes.

That is just what Dr. Colijn was not prepared to do. The result is a political crisis which would be serious at any time and is doubly so at a time when the full strength of Holland should be concentrated upon the defence of the homeland and, above all, of her overseas possessions. Catholic anxiety concerning unemployment and the welfare of the people is understandable. But the security of Holland and of its possessions in the Pacific is at the moment more to the point. As for Catholic monetary experiments, these can hardly be worth plunging the country into confusion at a moment of acute international danger. That at any rate is the opinion of the majority of Dutchmen.

Queen Wilhelmina's anxiety is shown by the repeated audiences given at the Palace in The Hague, and at her summer place, "De Ruigenhoek," to political leaders, State Counsellors and the two Chiefs of Staff, Vice-Admiral Fürstner and Lieut.-General Reynders. There was some talk that the Queen had the intention of summoning a non-parliamentary, or rather, extra-parliamentary council, to govern the country until a stable parliamentary Government could be formed.

Perhaps luckily, this has not happened. Once a departure of that kind has been made, it is difficult to get back to normal; and many agree that it would be a pity if the final phase of Queen Wilhelmina's reign were to fall under the shadow of reaction. There is, in fact, small fear of that. Even if the *formateur*, Dr. Koolen, fails to persuade his Catholic colleagues of the necessity to place national interest before sectional interest, or to convince the Conservative-Protestant bloc that the sectional interests advanced by the Catholics are, in fact, primary national interests, further attempts will be made to reach a parliamentary solution. The only thing which might force the Queen to act contrary to democratic tradition would be a worsening of the present international tension.

In the meantime, everyone wishes Dr. Koolen success. Although he has behind him a long and reputable political career, with experience as Minister of State, he is to-day comparatively little known. The general impression was that he had retired from active politics. Apart from the fact that he belongs to the right wing of the Catholic Party, there is nothing to show what his views of modern problems are. His reputation, based upon his early political career, is that of a conservative strongly opposed to the social and financial experiments of his party's left wing. Whether his views have changed or not remains to be seen. If they have, we shall probably see a Catholic-Socialist Government at The Hague. If they have not, we fail to see how Dr. Koolen can succeed where Dr. Colijn has failed.

Roy Elston

Guarding the East Coast Against Aircraft Attack

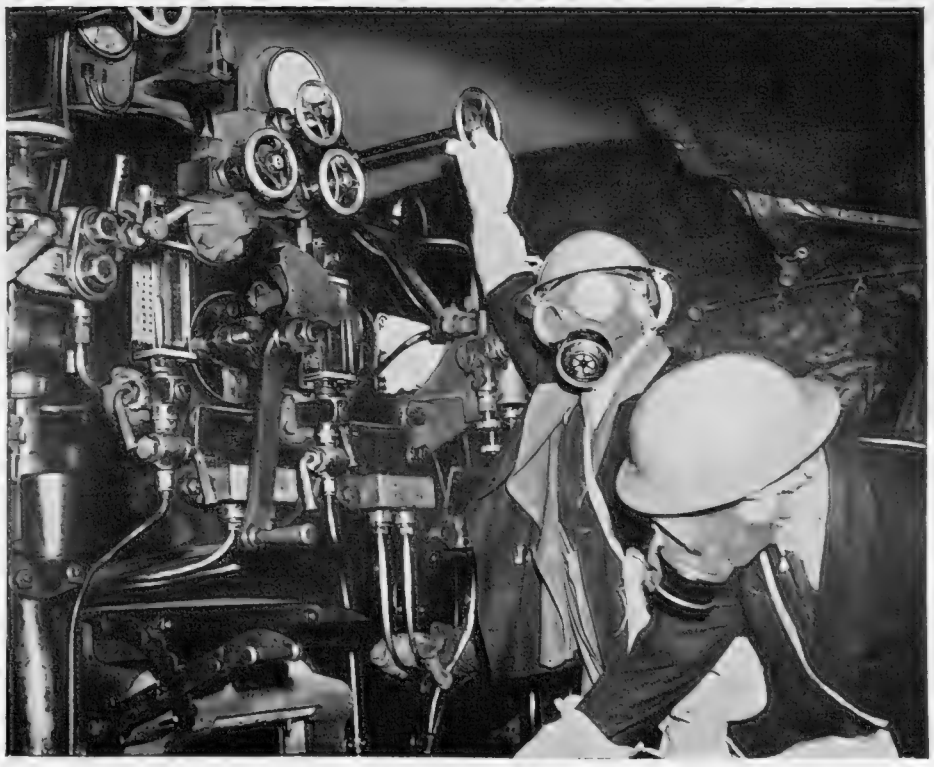
PREPARATION

A Well-equipped Exhibition Train Demonstrates A.R.P.

AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEMONSTRATION: General Viscount Gort, Chief of Imperial General Staff, accompanied by the German Military Attache, Baron von Bechtolsheim, and a group of military experts, seen at Weybourne, Norfolk, recently, where they watched men of the 62nd Royal Artillery T.A. shoot down a wireless-controlled Queen Bee aircraft with 3.7-in. anti-aircraft guns. They are seen leaving after inspecting one of the 4.5-in. anti-aircraft guns

A.R.P. ON THE S.R.: A Southern Railway A.R.P. instructional train left Waterloo recently carrying a squad of specially trained railwaymen to give practical demonstrations in A.R.P. work to employees of the company. *Above* is seen a member of the train staff, in gas-proof clothing, operating a hand siren. *On right*—The driver and his fireman in their A.R.P. uniforms

INSPECTION PARADE: Air Marshal Lord Trenchard examining a light tank at Stobs Camp, Hawick, when he inspected the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief. Lieut.-Col. W. Tod, M.C., the Commanding Officer, is seen on the left



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WHERE 300 "BAD MEN" ARE CONFINED: The picturesque but ill-ventilated castle of Collioure, near Perpignan, in which 300 men taken from the French refugee camps for various reasons are segregated

THE SPANISH REFUGEES

How France is Tackling the Problem of the 300,000 Homeless Men by Constructing a New and Up-to-Date Camp.

By FERDINAND TUOHY

YOU have doubtless heard of the impasse between France and Franco over the return of the Spanish refugees to Spain. About 500,000 trekked northwards over the Pyrenees in tragic February. Nearly five months later, just under 300,000 remain on French soil. The majority of those evacuated have been women and children, the aged, and proven Franco supporters among the middle class and (less so) the ex-Government militia. Which is to say that most of the multitude remaining on France's hands are men, and ex-militiamen at that. On which account, the evacuation process grows stickier.

The French are only too willing to liquidate everybody and everything appertaining to the late Spanish war. Travelling across the foothills of the Pyrenees from Atlantic to Mediterranean coasts, I have seen endless evidence of this. Rolling stock, cattle, war material, road vehicles, are being sent back to Spain in a constant stream, each day, by Hendaye, by Port Bou and the Perthuis pass.

You pass hugely long trainloads of the weirdest motor car collection that can ever have been assembled. Barcelona had more fine cars than most places. Here they are, reduced to varying forms of damaged goods or wreckage, caused, following seizure, by wild or inexperienced driving in the *sauve qui peut*.

Mingled with the car casualties are tanks and armoured cars, Red Cross and other lorries. All dreadfully the worse for wear, so that one is impelled to wonder: what can Franco do with them?

However that may be, the return was stipulated in the appeasing Bérard-Jordana accord by which, in addition to sending Marshal Pétain as Ambassador, some Frenchmen thought they could get Franco to forget the past by a promise to send everything Spanish-owned back to Spain with high celerity, not excluding £7,500,000 in gold, formerly belonging to the Bank of Spain, and currently yet reclining many feet deep in vaults at Mont-de-Marsan.

This sum the Daladier Government proposes to hold in connection with the immense bill being run up for the maintenance of the Spanish refugees. A refugee costs 1s. 9d. a day, and 7s. when in hospital, as 13,000 are. My estimate is that the refugees remaining cost at least £30,000 a day, and that unless Franco hustles along the present relative trickle of 400–500 that he is pleased to take back daily, as through the finest sieve, the last of the refugees will not leave France until the end of 1940 at earliest. And by that time the gold held by France should have been spent several times over, not taking into account the greater sum already outlayed since February.

France has to do something about it—for on her has fallen nearly the whole burden, exception made of a British Red Cross grant of £50,000, which seems to be going chiefly in shorts, shirts, sandals, hospital cots, and preserves.

The existing camps round Perpignan could not have stood the great summer heat without risk of grave epidemics. Flung together anyhow, these original camps had degenerated into pretty ghastly agglomerations. The local French were growing frankly frightened.

Local opinion had to be taken into account, and this of late hardened for two reasons. The summer season, so beneficial touristically, was approaching, and few would visit the coast under existing conditions. And the locals absolutely refused to co-operate in a Paris attempt to farm out labour from the camps in the eastern Pyrenees. This, it was argued, would be taking bread from Frenchmen, and even if it wasn't, these frontier folk did not trust the interned ones. Moreover, there was a disinclination to do anything Franco mightn't like, many of the local French having by now decided it were best to seek to renew friendly relations with the neighbour, if only for business reasons.

Taking all considerations into account, the French Government's answer has been to concentrate henceforward on two camps—in the whole Pyrenees, but to ensure that these places of internment shall be the very last word. Situated at Gurs, near Pau, and at Barcarès, which is Perpignan-on-Sea, I can say that they are. And I shall add the mild suspicion that their splendid preparation may not have been carried through without an eye to a conceivable to-morrow, when a Republic at war could need just such camps for the internment of thousands of nationals of the totalitarian lands, resident in France and already listed for "protective" custody on the notorious "Carnet B" system of pre-war days. Protective not so much for the individual as for the nation: protection against the sabotage, stabbing in the back, plain spying, that might otherwise be essayed by such totalitarians at the outset of a lightning struggle.

I arrived to find the change-over from Argelès to Barcarès in full swing. Armed guards in khaki drill lined the roads as lorries dashed by, sending up the dust in the hot afternoon. Piled in the lorries, everything from bedding and coal and barbed wire, to ex-militiamen in various states of dilapidation. They were being shifted from Argelès, that had earned such a bad name, to their new and indefinite "home," nearer Perpignan, but where they will be better looked after in every sense.

At one stage many hundred young men marched up—three abreast. They seemed pleased with themselves. I learnt they were volunteers going off to work on Alpine roads on the Briançon frontier facing Italy. Many trainloads had preceded them. All these would probably be permitted to stay on in France. Others were being admitted to the Foreign Legion and even to the regular army, now that foreigners could at last enlist.

However, such opters for France were in a small minority. Barcarès is taking 60,000 men, and nearly all are ready to re-enter Spain when allowed. Barcarès started in a minor way as a camp for men opting to join Franco while the war was still on. In its new materialisation it will be a vast base whence men will be forwarded as Franco agrees to take them.

Should war break out before the return is completed, then the improved conditions now introduced would conduce to fitter human material for possible use with the French Army.

There were still six or seven thousand at Argelès when I set off in that direction: there used to be 70,000. Combining extremely rare pine woods and a sandy beach, Argelès is the only first-class place from the Spanish frontier right round to the Riviera, so that one will understand its sponsors desiring the camp out of the way, the camp that has polluted the water supply, and wherein there have been so many "disappearances." Ten? A dozen? Twenty? No one will ever pierce the dark mysteries of this, fortunately, unique internment camp.

The "Chateau," in reality a villainous fortress of Vauban times, currently houses 300 bad men. By day they are marched out to work, under strong guard, on the roads. On inquiring what they've done, one is told they have rebelled against their guards, or have been found guilty by their own fellows of camp crimes, or, thirdly, that the French Sureté has had them on their list since pre-civil war times. As to what will eventually happen to this element, it is difficult to guess. Franco almost certainly will decline them, while they are not up for trial in France.

From the fastness above the little port of Collioure, the prisoners each morning see lorry convoys of their fellows heading for near-by Spanish Port Bou. About 2,000 are allowed to filter through here, and up at neighbouring Perthuis, each week. Procedure on the Spanish side is always the same. The identity of those presenting themselves has been pre-arranged with the French. Those who have been guaranteed by relatives in their home centres are at once dispatched on their way. Those without such guarantees are put in barracks, and may ask by wire or telephone or letter, for the necessary backing from relations or former employers. A third category is less fortunate. This concerns "wanted" men allowed to cross into Spain—only to be immediately arrested and entrained for Alicante where are 25,000 interned militiamen awaiting trial and, many, maybe, a firing squad. Chief among charges are assassination, burning and sacking of churches, robberies, and "treason."

To come finally to Barcarès which will, among other things, feed Gurs, new model camp to hold 15,000, over Pau way.

Barcarès is clearly intended to last. Its laying out must have cost many million francs. It is replete with highways, byways, electricity, laid-on drinking water, wash-houses, fire-hoses, latrines, kitchens, food stores, an infirmary, a morgue, a church, a post office, a car park, police station, inquiry office. At the latter are interpreters ready to translate for the police when relatives call to see internees, usually bringing food.

The camp is in three sections comprising twenty-five islets, each islet containing twenty-five hutments. Seventy men go to a hut. These islets are all now filled, accounting for 40,000 men. A further 10,000 remain temporarily in the original, outmoded camp, adjacent. As many again roughly remain to be brought over from Argelès.

One side of the camp is flanked by French huts, with floors, housing the controlling staff of many score, and 3,000 forming the armed guard. The internees have to sleep on the sand, under covering of their own devising, even if they now have firm roofs between them and the sun, rain, or wind. Strangely, they are not allowed in the sea, chief attraction of these latitudes. "Too many drownings would result," I was told; and duly wondered.

Will the improved conditions of Barcarès put a term to demoralisation, to dirt, to crime? That would be too much to hope. Yet life for these unhappy victims of modern politics is bound to pan out better. An example is being made of the discipline and appearance of the Air personnel which still includes many hundred tried pilots and mechanics.

Each "Adrian" hut, equivalent to our former "Nissen," has its elected officer in control, and each islet a senior officer who is saluted—not infrequently with the clenched fist. Kitchen staffs, sanitary ditto, purchasing parties, go about their jobs regularly, while training others to take on kindred duties, because the main curse remains day-long inactivity. You see the purchasing parties buying "globally" in the Perpignan stores, when their vans and lorries are to be avoided subsequently, as their drivers career on the Spanish side of the road.

Camp reading material is nearly non-extant; home-made cards, dominoes and chess while away

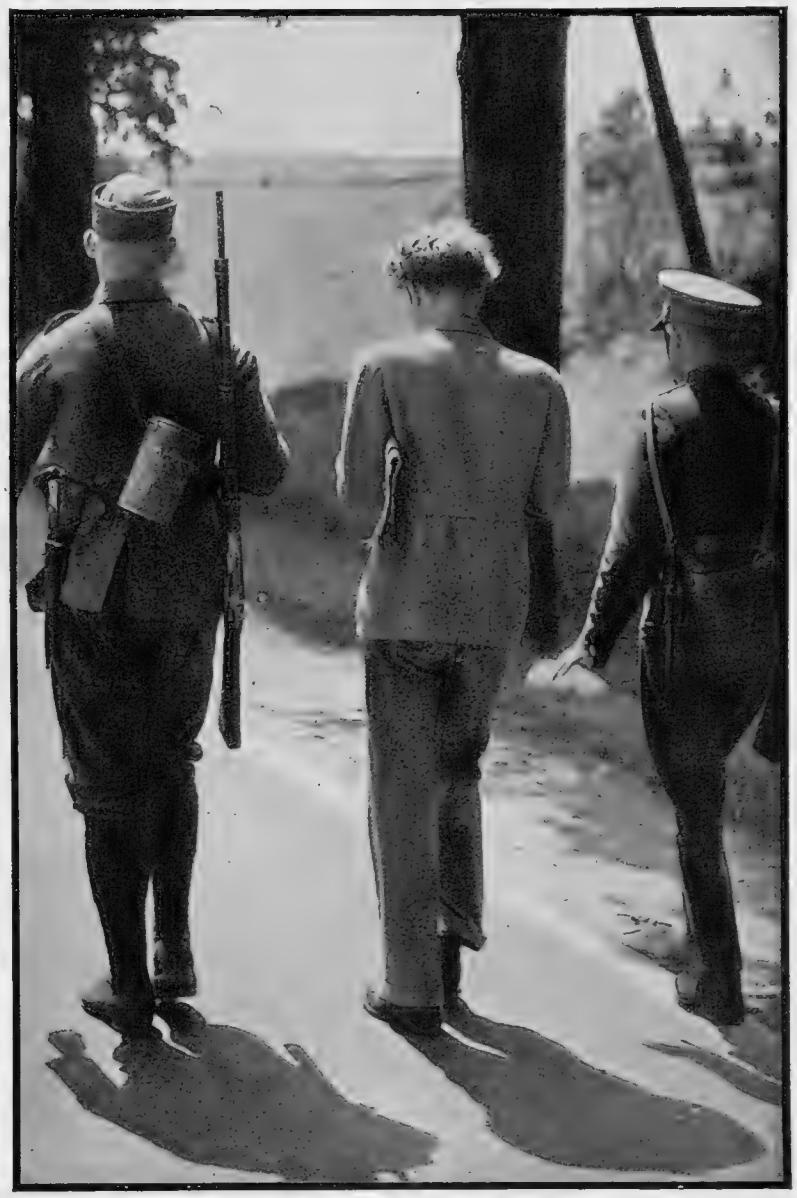
(*Continued on page* 108)

WAR-WORN MATERIAL RETURNING TO SPAIN: An apparently endless stream of motor-wrecks and near-wrecks can be seen passing south through the passes into Spain, says Mr. Tuohy

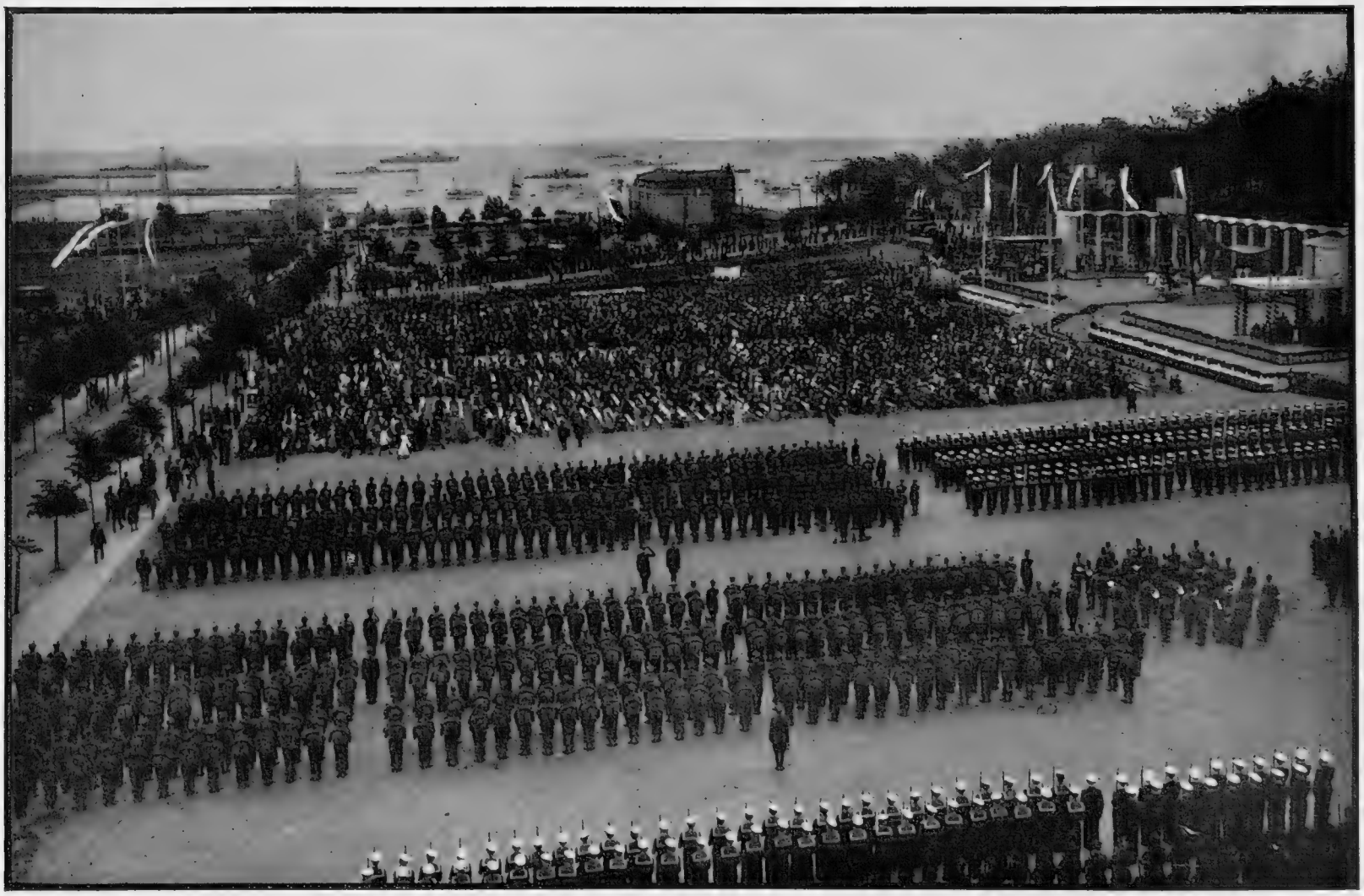
FRONTIER TENSION in EUROPE

Scenes In and Around Poland's Two Vital Ports

THE MINED ROAD TO THE FREE CITY: A view of the Gdynia–Danzig road looking towards Danzig. On the left of the picture can be seen the Polish anti-tank barricades which leave only the mined half of the roadway available for traffic



UNDER MILITARY SUPERVISION: The situation in Danzig is exemplified by this picture of an English journalist being marched away to Gdynia by two Polish soldiers for lingering on the Danzig road in order to photograph

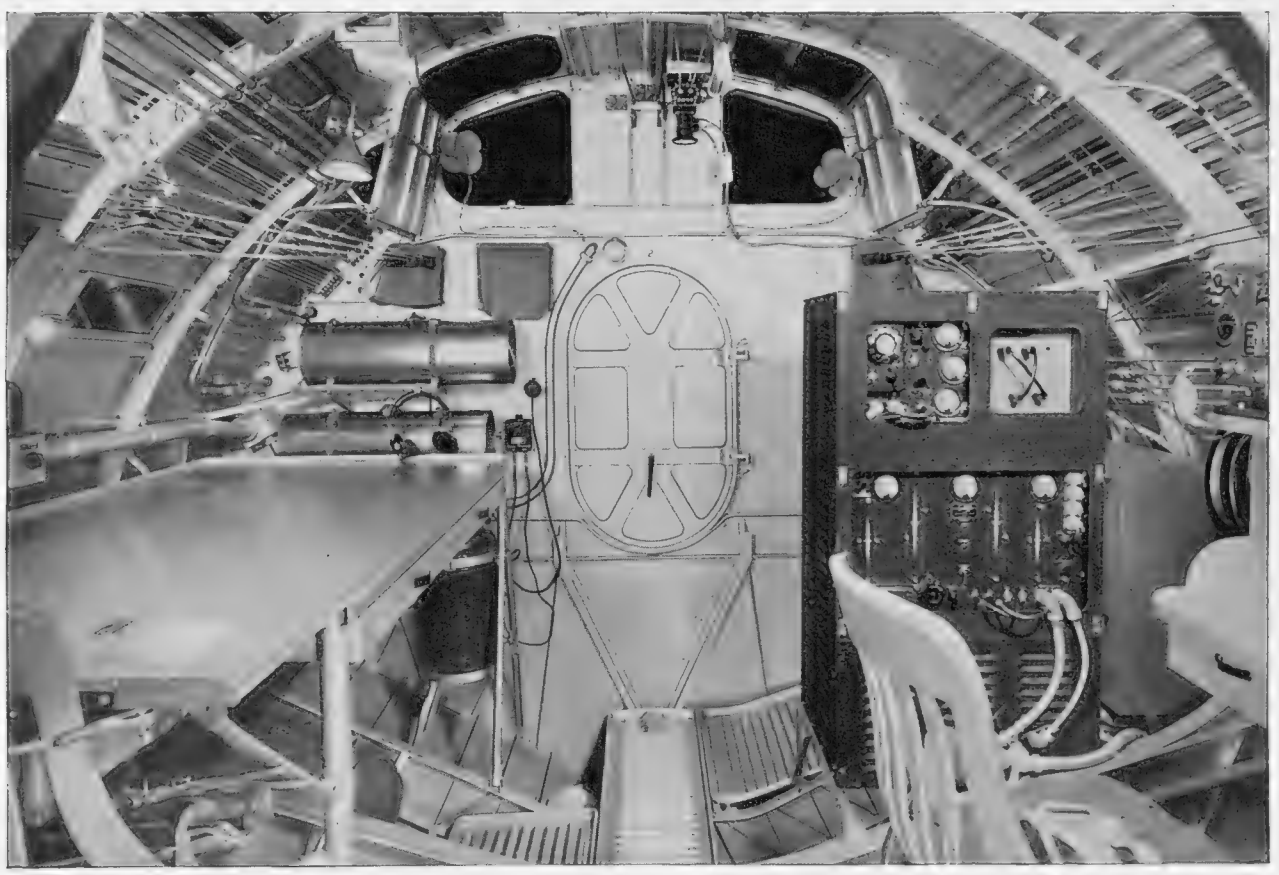


POLAND PARADES HER ARMY AND NAVY: An overhead view of the manifestation held recently in Gdynia. There was a review of the army and navy and a service in the open air was conducted by Bishop Okoniewski. Many thousands from all parts of Poland travelled specially to the city for this meeting and more than 3,000 people from Danzig attended. Poland has been elaborating a scheme by which her vital industries will operate within a protected triangle

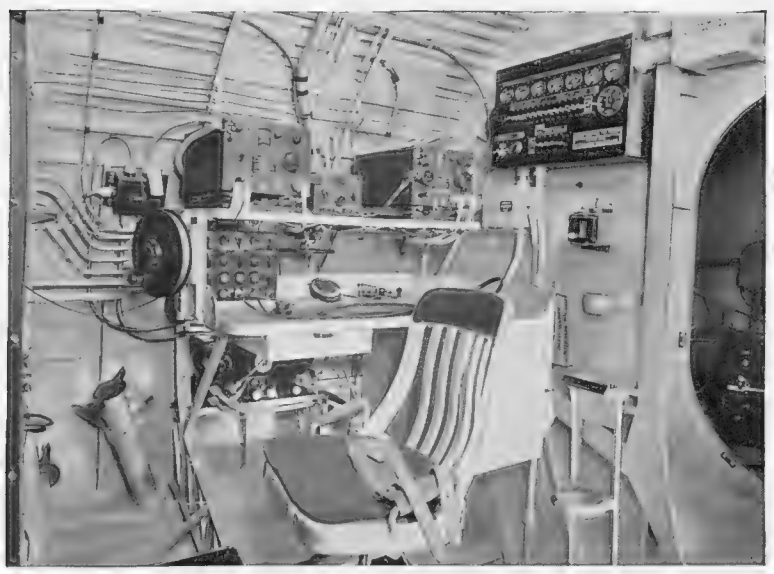
THE FIRST FLIGHT-DELIVERED WARPLANE

Which is to Fly 5,750 Statute Miles From San Diego to Felixstowe

READY TO MAKE FLYING HISTORY: The Consolidated Model 28-5 twin-engined flying-boat to be delivered to the Air Ministry on what will become the first military delivery flight across the Atlantic this month. The flight is from San Diego, California, to Felixstowe, Suffolk. The British designation numbers and Air Force colours have already been painted on the wings



FORWARD VIEW OF THE NAVIGATOR'S COMPARTMENT: On the left can be seen the chart table at which the navigator sits, while on the right is the radio operator's chair. In January last no less than forty-eight of these flying-boats flew in formation from San Diego Bay, California, to Coco Solo, Panama Canal zone, 3,087 miles non-stop, carrying 336 men



COMMUNICATION EQUIPMENT: A view of the radio installation aboard the Model 28 flying-boat. Strategically, the value of long-range flying-boats is more important to the British Empire than to any other group of countries in the world. One of these boats could easily be flown from England to the Persian Gulf and be in service the same day

THE COURSE OF THE FLIGHT

as officially arranged

Leave San Diego, California

Fly over Phoenix, Arizona; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Amarillo, Texas; Wichita, Kansas; Kansas City, Kansas.
Fly south of Chicago, Illinois.
Fly north of Detroit, Michigan.
Fly across Lake Saint Clare.
Fly over Toronto, Ontario; Ottawa, Ontario; Montreal, Quebec.
Fly south of Quebec, Quebec.
Land at Botwood, Bay of Exploits, Newfoundland.
Leave Botwood (55 deg. 21 mins. 27 secs. west) (49 deg. 08 mins. 30 secs. north).
Fly Great Circle course over north Atlantic.
Fly across centre of Ireland; Irish Channel.
Approach England at Cardigan Bay.
Fly across England.
Land at Felixstowe (Suffolk) England.

	Nautical Miles	Statute Miles
San Diego to Botwood	2,860	3,300
Botwood to Felixstowe	2,125	2,450
Total distance	4,985	5,750

At San Diego clear aeroplane and crew for Newfoundland and England.
At Botwood clear aeroplane and crew for England.

FLY WEST

YOU can now fly east; and you can now fly west. By air-liner you can fly east from London over Holland and Belgium into Germany, and on to Warsaw, Moscow, and beyond; or you can fly in a matter of hours right into the heart of the Balkans and on into Turkey; or you can fly as swift as an eagle over sea, mountain, and desert to India, Singapore, and Australia in time measured in days instead of the weeks of a decade ago; or, if you should so wish, you can branch off at Bangkok and fly across French Indo-China and up into Hong Kong, where, wonder of wonders, there may be a Clipper ready to fly you across the Pacific.

The air line companies who offer us these wonders can proudly proclaim achievement. We acknowledge their claim gladly. Especially do we honour those pioneer companies like Deutsche Lufthansa, Air France, K.L.M., and our own Imperial Airways who have opened up lines stretching thousands of miles away from their own national boundaries. And to Imperial Airways, who lead the way in carrying all first-class mail without surcharge as far south as Durban and as far east as Sydney (in conjunction with the Australian Qantas Company), we offer special congratulation.

But in one important respect these air line developments have been, can one say, disappointing. From England they have stretched south and they have stretched east. We have therefore been geographically on the fringe of air transport development. Air traffic has only been able to emanate from us or to be absorbed by us. There has been no flow through us. For prosperity, just as a port at a river mouth depends on a flow of traffic for its existence, a flow of air traffic is desirable if not essential.

Now the forbidding Atlantic has been bridged by a regular air service, and the position of Great Britain in the realm of air transport is transformed. Instead of being on the outer fringe of an intensive network of international air lines, she finds herself in the position of a junction. Traffic from the United States flows into her from the west and on into Europe. And traffic from Europe flows into her from the east and on westward to the United States. At the moment, the traffic is obviously only a trickle; but can it be denied that it will be a fast-flowing stream within the next few years?

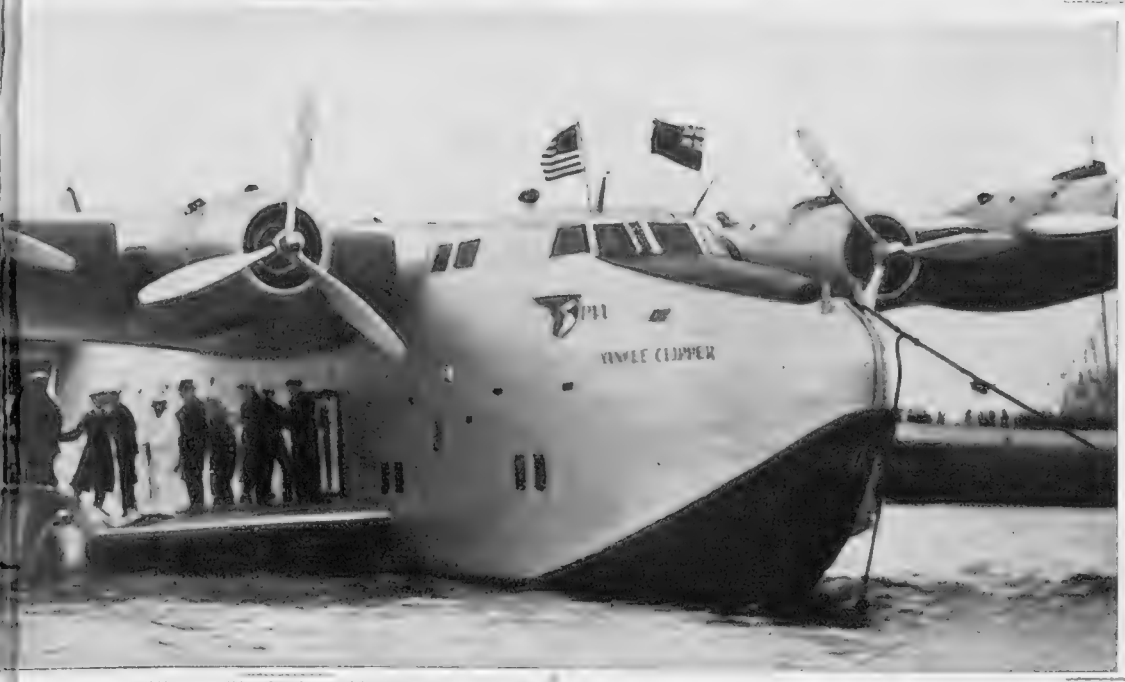
When you read of the carefree comfort that the first passengers experienced in the Clipper flying-boat the other day, of the nonchalance that came naturally to them as they flew across thousands of miles of ocean, you cannot help but wonder how the great Atlantic liners will fare in competition with the skyships in the years to come. Even to-day you can leave New York on Saturday and be in London on Monday and your ticket costs you less than cabin class on one of the big liners. Almost the worst that can be

—FLY EAST: Britain Becomes an Air Junction in Mid-1939

The New Geographical Situation

described by

NIGEL TANGYE



AN EPOCH-MAKING EVENT IN PASSENGER TRANSPORT RECORDED: July, 1939, is remarkable in the history of Anglo-American aviation, for during this month the first passenger services across the northern Atlantic were inaugurated by the American Clippers. The *Yankee Clipper* is here seen debarking her passengers on calm Southampton Water. This event transformed the air position of Great Britain

BACK FROM CROSSING THE NORTH ATLANTIC ON THE SOUTHERN ROUTE: While the *Yankee Clipper* was crossing the Atlantic to Foynes, Ireland, the *Atlantic Clipper* was flying from Port Washington to Marseilles via Horta and Lisbon and back to Long Island Sound, thus further connecting Europe with the United States by air

said of the Atlantic air service is that you must wait 25 mins. before your egg is boiled at the height at which you have to fly.

There are two routes that are being used by the Pan American Clipper flying-boats this summer. They are scheduled to fly a weekly return service on each, working up to two a week possibly by the end of the summer. These routes are termed the northern and southern routes. The southern route should have two services a week almost immediately.

The southern route has its terminus at Port Washington, Long Island, New York. From there the Clipper flies direct to the Azores, a distance of some 2,400 miles. From there she hops the comparatively short distance to Lisbon where, after refuelling, she goes on to Marseilles which is the eastern terminus. On the first commercial flight she arrived at Lisbon 23 hrs. 15 mins. after leaving Port Washington.

The northern route is of more direct interest to us. This is the route to be flown by Imperial Airways. The Clipper flies from Port Washington to Shediac, New Brunswick, Canada. Thence she flies to Botwood, Newfoundland, and on across the ocean to Foynes where, after a short stop, she takes off for Southampton which is the eastern terminus.

For the flying time of this service, let us follow the flight of the first commercial service that reached Southampton on June 28. The *Yankee Clipper* loaded up at Port Washington with 1,734 lb. of mail, consisting of 60,000 letters, and took on board 19 passengers. Her crew numbered twelve. She flew the 620 miles to Shediac in a little under 6½ hrs.

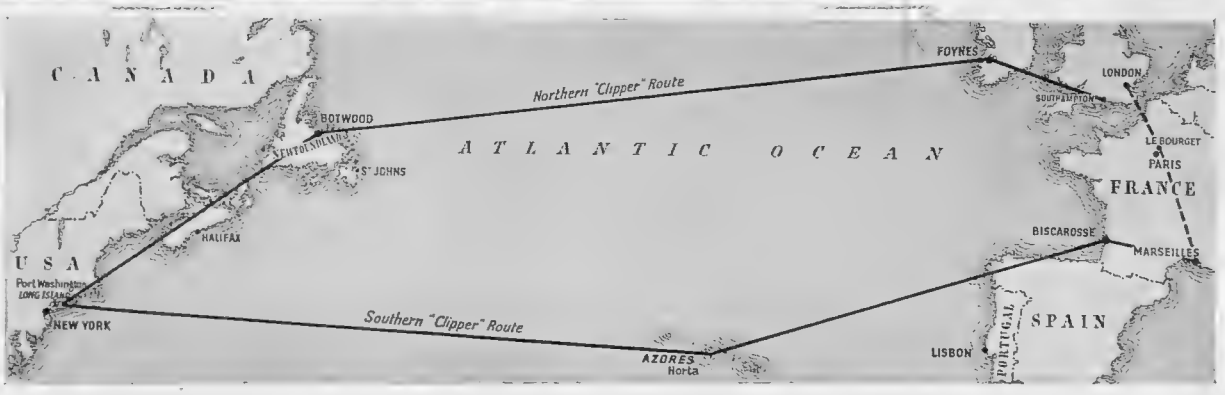
Here, unfortunately, she was held up for nearly three days, due to low cloud and fog. On such an important flight, the pilot was naturally going to take every precaution. But then she took off for Botwood and flew the 420 miles in under 3 hrs.

At Botwood she took on 3,485 gallons of petrol for the long ocean crossing of 1,920 miles. She arrived at Foynes 13 hrs. 38 mins. later and still with enough petrol in her tanks for a further flight of 1,700 miles. The average speed for the ocean flight was 144 m.p.h. If he had so desired, therefore, the pilot could have flown his heavy load of mail and passengers non-stop from Botwood to Constantinople. The flight from Foynes to Southampton was made in a little over 2 hrs.

The conquest of the Atlantic by air demonstrates, perhaps, more than any other branch of aviation activity, the tremendous pace of aeronautical science and development. It seems only yesterday when we welcomed Atlantic flyers as heroes. Indeed, it is only two or three years ago. Yet to-day we see the ocean crossed four times every week by flying-boats that carry nearly a ton of freight or mail and twenty passengers and flying to a schedule. It was twenty years ago that the Atlantic was first crossed non-stop, and the airmen were two Britishers, Alcock and Brown. So far ahead of their time were they that eight years were to pass before the feat was to be repeated. Then, in 1927, Lindbergh made his epic contribution to pioneer flight; but we are apt to forget that it was eight years after Alcock and Brown.

In retrospect eight years may not seem a very long time. But project your mind eight years ahead from to-day; do you dare to forecast where the giant strides of aviation will have led us?

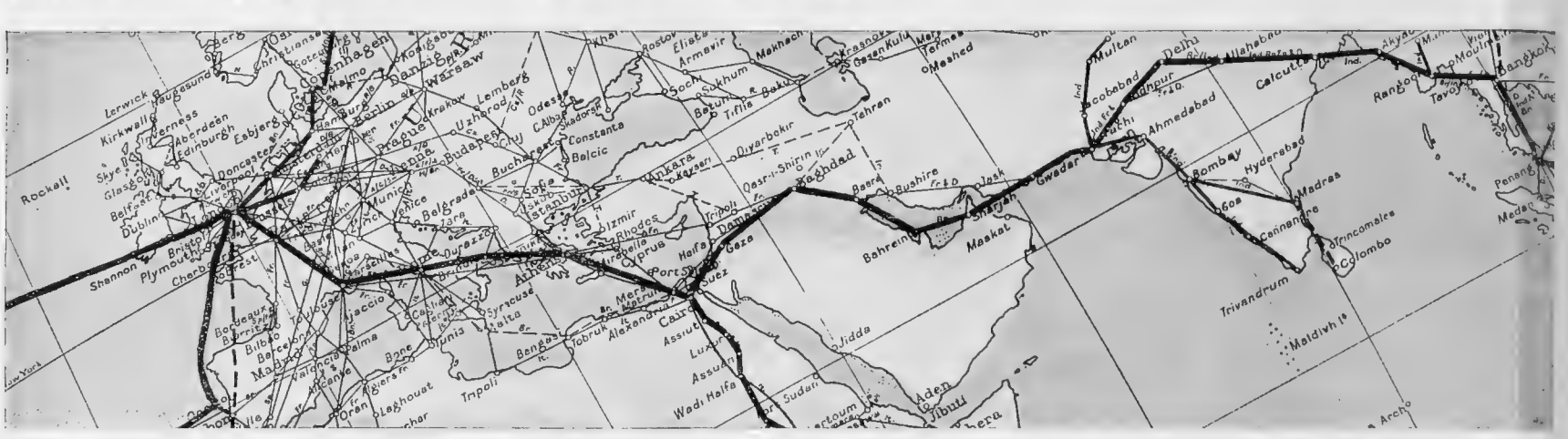
On these pages, the success of the new **Westward** *flying routes is emphasised. On the following double page the ease with which one can now fly* **Eastward** *is described by Michael Terry*



THE TWO NEW PASSENGER AIR ROUTES ACROSS THE NORTH ATLANTIC: This is the first time that it has been possible to give such an air map of the north Atlantic. Hitherto the crossings have been sporadic, by individual effort. Now giant flying-boats, built by American skill and initiative, have inaugurated a regular passenger service across the wide and once-threatening Atlantic Ocean. The crossing of the ocean is now cut down to about a day and a half

A LONG-RANGE FLYER: A new 52-passenger long-distance flying-boat of the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation. All-metal construction coupled with high speed are the main characteristics of this craft. It is powered by two 18-cylinder, 2,000-h.p. Wright Duplex-Cyclone engines, said to be the largest and most powerful air-cooled aircraft engines in the world

FLY WEST—FLY EAST: The Ease with which One Passage and Fly Eastward



FLYING EAST: The thick black line extending from west to east across the above map indicates the British Commonwealth air route from Britain to Australia. The route is seen crossing Europe to Egypt, and on to the Persian Gulf, India, Burma and the Straits Settlements and finally to Port Darwin. The left-hand part of the map also emphasises the new position of Great Britain in the air services of the northern hemisphere, trunk routes no longer terminating in Britain

FAR-AWAY LANDS BROUGHT NEAR: A ticket covering any of the air services can now be purchased with as little fuss and inconvenience as though it were a local fare on a suburban railway. All the well-known ticket agencies include a department to deal with this branch of travel

AT THE LANDING STAGE: Transferring mails and baggage to an Imperial Airways liner at Southampton where there are excellent facilities for landing and docking

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING: A corner of the remarkably compact yet fully-equipped kitchen in the Imperial Airways Empire flying-boat *Canopus* with glass-ware and crockery in glittering array. Excellent meals are served while flying

"I–ER–ER am thinking of flying to Australia. How does one–er go about getting to Sydney?"

The young man behind the desk at Cook's air travel counter looked at me quite politely but I sensed pity for my nervousness, even impatience, for he was a busy young man. And most practical.

"How do you want to travel, sir? Imperial Airways, Dutch Air Lines, or Air France to Bangkok, transhipping there to one of the other lines."

"I–er don't really know. You see, I'm–er–rather in the dark about the whole business."

I tried to give an encouraging smile but I feel sure it was only a foolish grin. There I stood, faced with the possibility of embarking upon perhaps the greatest adventure that an ordinary person can achieve. For days I had plucked up courage to face the excitement and the wonder of flying across the world. I wanted the young man to marvel at my audacity—and all I received was a choice of routes as coldly as if the booking was for Paris.

The young man pulled a file of papers towards him, ran his finger down several lists, looked up again and spoke. "I can book you by Imperial or the Dutch Line, leaving at the end of next week." He added for my enlightenment. "This is the quiet season, during August or September you may have to book three months ahead."

All too soon the romantic state of mind in which I had entered that building had to be subordinated to mere prosaic commercialism, very little more stimulating than a railway journey to Zurich or a sea voyage to Cape Town. It was illuminating, however, to be told that my passport would have to be endorsed for seven countries (France, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Iraq, Siam, Dutch East Indies), also visas would be required for Iraq and Siam. The British Empire endorsement would cover Palestine, India, and Australia.

My camera would have to be sealed away till after Athens, war-minded Europe being wary of what the air passenger may see. Then, looking at the routes over which England and Holland fly to the Antipodes, and France as far as Bangkok on her way to Hong Kong, I cast my memory back to that gallant pair, Ross and Keith Smith, who, in a machine since preserved by the Commonwealth, won across the world at the end of the war to their home in Australia. Theirs was indeed a vision grand, a stunt flight that has led the way along what is to-day the greatest international air highway, a peep into the future which that courageous pair made only three months after the cross-Channel service began.

Since the Smith brothers a gallant company indeed have raced with each other, smashing records with sometimes almost incredible rapidity, but all the time proving the capability of the improving aircraft of this air-minded age, bringing nearer by each demonstration the less fast but more sure services offered the public this day.

Here are the highlights, the performances of those who have notably reduced the flying time to Australia:—

1919—Ross and Keith Smith:
Nov. 12–Dec. 10, Hounslow–Darwin, 4 weeks 2 days.

1928—Bert Hinkler:
Feb. 7 – Feb. 22, Croydon – Darwin, 15 days 11 hrs. 7 secs.

1930—Kingsford Smith:
Oct. 9–Oct. 19, Heston–Darwin, 9 days 21 hrs. 40 mins.

1933—Ulm, Allen, and Taylor:
Oct. 12–Oct. 19, Harmondsworth–Derby, 6 days 17 hrs. 45 mins.

1934—Scott and Campbell Black:
Oct. 20–Oct. 23, Mildenhall–Melbourne, 2 days 23 hrs., and, most notably, in this same air race for the MacRobertson Trophy, in an ordinary service machine with passengers of the Dutch Air Line, Parmentier and Moll took 3 days 18 hrs. 19 mins.

As a direct result of the sweat and fury of these enterprises one may now fly to Sydney in eight days (summer flying schedule) or nine days (winter flying schedule) by K.L.M., which is the Dutch line. Or by Imperial Airways in ten days at any time of the year.

The chief distinction between the British and Dutch services is that ours is a combined mail and passenger service, theirs being primarily for passengers, although mail and parcels are carried as well. Timed to fly at 175 m.p.h., K.L.M. use landplanes (American-designed Douglas D.C.3 machines) to Batavia but Lockheeds from there on, operated by a subsidiary company called K.N.I.L.M.

Imperial Airways, flying at 160 m.p.h., use Empire flying-boats (by Short Brothers of Rochester, Kent) as far as Singapore and for the last part of the journey machines of the same type flown by Q.A.N.T.A.S., the Australian ally of Imperial Airways.

It is curious that in the present early stages of this air trunk route the passenger service should be more punctual than the mail. After all, the through services by both K.L.M. and Imperial began only last July. Now all first-class mail, to the tune of 1,500,000 letters outward each week (30 tons), is airborne for 1½d. a half-ounce. This development of air mail for Australia severely taxes the capacity of the equipment and many passengers have had to be handed over to the Dutch. The services may be competitive but circumstances force them into co-operation for the sake of the public.

In comparing the two lines one must remember that landplanes are re-fuelled more quickly than flying-boats, also that mails mean longer halts during the day. All the same, a significant difference between the services is that the *Flying Dutchman*, if behind schedule, will push on and, as a Singapore man said to me, "go roaring through the night."

Imperial Airways average, during the ten flying days from Southampton to Sydney, 11 hrs. 13 mins. from start to stop each day. K.L.M. nine-day winter schedule from Amsterdam to Sydney has a daily flying time of 9 hrs. 58 mins. and, in the eight-day summer schedule, 12 hrs. 8 mins.

The large machines of the British line provide one with a promenade deck, a rear smoking saloon, a full cocktail bar, and meals of exceptional quality. Think for a moment of this achievement of our machine age. A five-course lunch or a seven-course dinner at 10,000 ft. above the earth—and yet the young fellow at Cook's will sell you that opportunity as calmly as a restaurant car ticket for the *Coronation Scot*.

Now, having booked, how do we leave for the sun and the surf beaches 13,000 miles away?

There are seven ways of flying to Bangkok each week, and six to Australia. Three British, three Dutch and one French. The Imperial Airways special train leaves Victoria at 8 p.m. for Southampton, where you embark on an Empire flying-boat. If it pleases you to travel Dutch your baggage allowance is the same as Imperial but a standardised suitcase is given you free of charge. It simplifies stowing in the aeroplane. Imperial are soon copying this service.

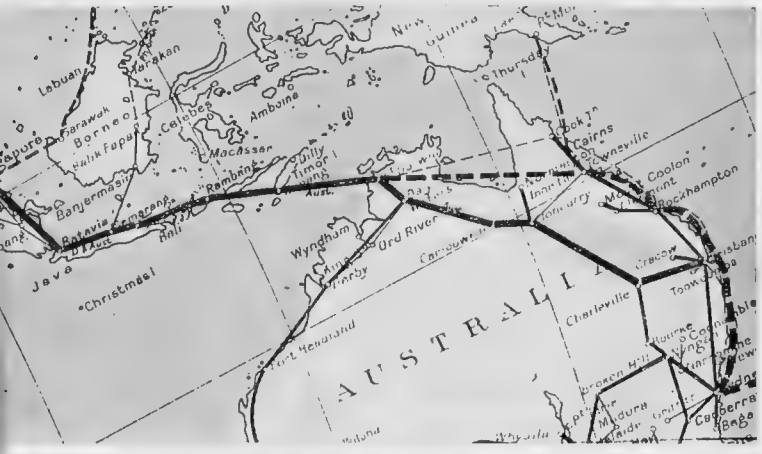
You leave the K.L.M. offices in Horseferry Road at 6.55 p.m. by private bus for Croydon aerodrome and arrive that evening at Amsterdam airport at 10 p.m.

The Douglas planes carry twenty-one passengers in Europe but for the long-distance flight alternate chairs are removed to give greater space for the twelve passengers only.

If you go by Air France part of the way you leave the Dorchester Hotel at 10 a.m. in a special

Can Now Book a to India and Australia

Described by MICHAEL TERRY



A SMOOTH TAKE-OFF AND A RAPID JOURNEY: The Imperial Airways flying-boat *Champion* taking-off from Gwalior, India, after receiving on board passengers and mail destined for Singapore and Australia

bus for Croydon airport where at 11 a.m. you take off for Marseilles. There you transfer to the Far Eastern Service for your destination 5½ days away.

Fares include everything. Transport to and from aerodromes, hotel accommodation, all meals on land or in the air, even the regulation 10 per cent. for tips. The Dutchman goes even further and throws in free beer or mineral water with the meals.

The disadvantage of flight is the clothes one cannot take, unless you don't mind paying excess luggage rate at 16s. a kilo, or about 7s. 3d. a lb. To assist the traveller, Imperial Airways have estimated a specimen kit: 1 dress suit, 2 dress shirts, 1 pair dress shoes, 1 dress tie, 3 day collars, 2 pairs dress socks, 1 lounge suit, 3 day shirts, 3 pairs pyjamas, 3 ties, 1 pair slippers, 1 fitted dressing case, 12 handkerchiefs. These clothes should weigh 33 lb., meaning that 11 lb. remain to cover the suitcase and special extras.

For ladies they gauge that the same weight of clothes will enable the passenger to carry: 1 lightweight flannel suit, 2 afternoon dresses, 2 silk washing frocks, 2 dinner dresses, 1 pullover, 1 cardigan, 1 jumper, 2 silk shirts, 1 bathing costume, 1 bathing cap, 2 scarves, 1 evening bag, 3 pairs gloves (1 for evening), 1 sunshade, 1 dressing gown, 2 chemise and knicker sets, 2 pairs cami-knickers, 2 slips, 2 pairs of knickers, 3 nightdresses, 6 pairs stockings, 2 belts, 4 hats, 2 pairs evening shoes, 2 pairs sports shoes, 1 pair beach shoes, 1 pair slippers.

Big coats and flying furs are, of course, not necessary, for the temperature of the interior of flying machines is kept equable. It is only upon alighting that differences are noticed and as these are chiefly in degrees of heat, the most needed extra, a sun helmet, is best bought en route.

The rapidity with which one locality is reached from another, especially in the instance of the Java-Darwin stage, has created a new health problem. Without rigorous control the malaria mosquito could be most simply taken into a "clean" country, and all sorts of tropical diseases could be carried by other insects with disconcerting indiscrimination. To forestall this dire effect of air travel, as soon as an eastbound air-liner leaves Alexandria it is fumigated, also before alighting at the next aerodrome. They call it "disinsectising," which, I fancy, is a word coined by Imperial Airways.

This great airway is affecting the habits of people living in India. More and more they are flying "home" instead of spending weeks at sea—a delay in reaching England which could not be avoided before.

The influence, too, upon Australia is definite. Discounting the immense advantage of rapid letter and passenger transport, it has turned the erstwhile back-door of that continent, Darwin, if not into the front door then into an important side entrance. It focuses anew world attention upon the sparsely settled areas of the Northern Territories and Australian problems generally.

AT THE END OF THE JOURNEY an air-liner is seen cruising over Sydney Harbour prior to landing. The majestic outline of Sydney Harbour Bridge is visible directly below

IN COMFORT OVER THE DESERT: The Imperial Airways liner *Caledonia* is here seen sailing high over the Mokattam Hills shortly after leaving Cairo en route for Basra, a flight of more than 1,000 miles over continuous desert. This is a section of the world's longest air route from Southampton to Sydney, a distance of 13,028 miles

THE TAIL OF A GIANT: The *Golden Hind*, Britain's largest commercial aircraft and the first of the new "G" class flying-boats seen prior to the launching ceremony last month at Short Bros.' factory at Rochester. The interior is designed on a two-deck plan, the upper deck providing accommodation for the crew and the mails while the lower deck is devoted almost entirely to the passenger lounge, dining room and sleeping compartments

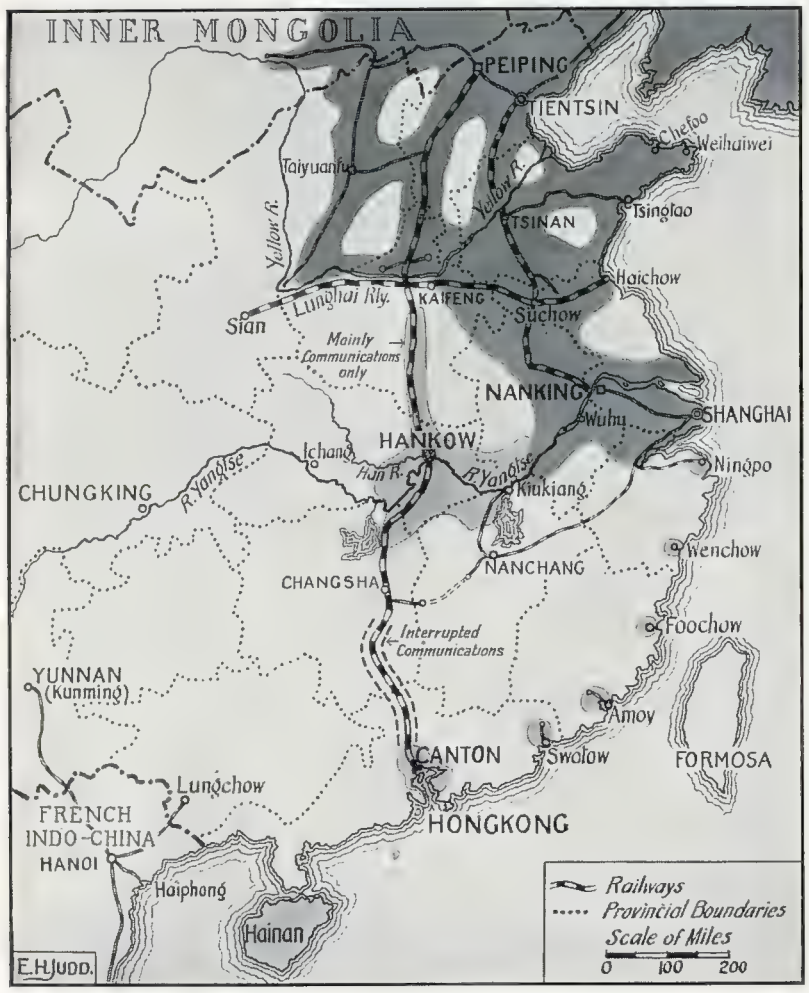
CHINA AFTER TWO YEARS OF WARFARE: Outstanding Events in the Prolonged Struggle

JUST two years ago—on July 7, 1937—a clash between the Japanese and Chinese troops at the Marco Polo Bridge, near Peiping, started the undeclared war on China. Far from turning out to be a "lightning war" of the "Axis" type, it may yet end in an undeclared peace.

In the first few months events did move. Peiping and Tientsin were occupied by the Japanese in a few days. The murder of two Japanese sailors at Shanghai on August 9 diverted the scene of operations from the north to the Yangtse valley. This was made the pretext for a Japanese fleet to attack the Chinese city. It had been expected that the struggle would be confined to, and finish in, north China with the collapse of the Chinese. But the die was now cast. Japan's real aims were clear. Chiang Kai-Shek's determination to resist at all costs was still more so.

In spite of Japan's absolute command of the sea, and ability to pour in troops at desired points, the Chinese put up a stiff resistance and it took the Japanese three months to capture Shanghai. Just a month later the great capital of Nanking fell and the Chinese retreated westwards. Nanking suffered remorseless damage by fire and looting. Outside the city the surrounding countryside was subjected to the "scorched earth" policy to be so frequently carried out by the harassed Chinese to hold up the advancing armies.

By December 26 the old city of Hangchow was captured, and on January 10 the strategic port of Tsingtao in the province of Shantung was taken by the



TERRITORY OCCUPIED BY THE JAPANESE: The darker tinted area covering the northern part of China indicates the extent of territory first occupied by the Japanese. The lighter tint farther to the south shows territory occupied during the second year. The white areas inside these tinted zones show districts controlled by Chinese guerrillas. The small areas occupied around the ports are also marked

Japanese. By the spring of 1938, apart from occasional set-backs, practically the whole of the three provinces of Shansi, Hopei, and Shantung were in their hands, i.e. north of the Lunghai Railway and east of the north-running section of the Yellow River. The Japanese forces in the Nanking zone worked their way northwards to join up with their other armies coming down the Tientsin-Nanking (Pukow) Railway.

In the middle of April, the Chinese, by a smashing defeat of the Japanese at Taierchwang, near the strategic railway junction of Suchow, scored their most dramatic military success of the war. Some 500,000 men were said to have been engaged and over 40,000 Japanese killed.

Early in June Canton was subjected to terrific air raids, with heavy loss of life and property, this being apparently a diversion to distract attention from the defeat in the north. The same month saw another very big set-back to the Japanese advance. China's periodic flooding of the Yellow River, assisted by breaching the dykes, let loose the flood-waters over a vast area and checked the advance of the Japanese armies. Terrible as this manœuvre was to millions of helpless and innocent civilians, it gave the Chinese army a breathing space.

Japan now turned her efforts to the Yangtse valley. Assisted by a large fleet of warships and transports, with the mutual support of her armies along the banks, she slowly made her way up the river. The position at the end of the first year's hostilities was that the whole of north-east China north of the Lunghai Railway, the whole of the Tientsin-Nanking Railway, and some 400 miles of the Yangtse was in the hands of the Japanese, at least along the strips of territory adjoining the railways and river.

With the capture of Kiukiang on July 26, the offensive was renewed on Hankow, and after some ding-dong battles, chiefly south of the river, in which the Chinese scored several outstanding successes, the Japanese occupied the triple cities of Wuchang, Hankow and Hanyang, with its great steel works and arsenal, on October 26. A week previously the world was startled by the sudden Chinese collapse in the capture of Canton.

From that date until now—a matter of eight months—a position of more or less stalemate has predominated. On February 10 last, the Japanese occupied the large island of Hainan, bringing them into nearer control of the sources of military

(Continued on page 108)

BY RAIL TO SOUTH-WEST CHINA: How the Tonkin Line Climbs to the Yunnan Plateau

YOU have to get into China by the back door, for the front door is held by the Japanese. There are several paths leading to the back door, but the one through Russia and Turkestan is long and difficult; the most direct is the railway which runs through Indo-China.

During the years that the French were defining and consolidating their great dominion in the Far East they began to give attention to a scheme which had haunted the imaginations of their pioneers for many years, the penetration of south-western China.

MODERN ROLLING-STOCK: A Diesel-driven "Micheline" at Kai-Yuen Station situated 6,000 ft. up in the mountains

At the end of the last century it looked as though China was definitely breaking up. Japan had already, it is true, been victorious in a war with the Chinese, but no one then took the Japanese very seriously. The French, therefore, decided to build a railway linking up Hanoi, the capital of their protectorate of Tonkin, in Indo-China, with the capital of the Chinese province of Yunnan, potentially, at least, one of the richest regions on earth in minerals.

South-western China is a land of high mountains. Tonkin is essentially the delta of the Red River which rises in the highlands of Yunnan and tumbles down 6,000 or 7,000 ft. to the China Sea. The northern part of Tonkin towards the Chinese frontier is hilly but the big mountains begin the other side. It had been considered for years that no railway could be constructed through such country as rises from the borders of Tonkin to the high plateaus of Yunnan. But the French railway was built—in nine years, and at a considerable cost in men and money.

This railway in the three hundred-odd miles from Lao-cay, the last Tonkinese station, to Kunming, the capital of Yunnan, climbs up to over 6,000 ft. through country so wild that no road cuts through it. The railway to Yunnan is like the lifts in those stairless apartment houses in New York, it is the only way up unless you use aeroplanes.

The Red River, unlike the Red Sea, really is red, since it sweeps down from one of the few regions in the world where the earth is red, and it is this strange glow of every shade of ruddiness from deep purple to tangerine orange that makes south-western China strangely unlike any other country. You wake up early in the morning at Lao-cay and find it a good deal cooler than on the steaming hot plains of the Red River delta. The train crawls across the Red River bridge and you are in Hokow, the first Chinese town. The Chinese Maritime Customs are represented so far inland by a smart young girl in uniform. A sign that the Chinese do not control their own coasts and a symbol of the new feminist China. You clamber into a low white "railway bus" or Micheline and start off on your long climb on the single track, narrow-gauge line.

The railway does not follow the valley of the upper Red River which, on the map, looks like the direct line of penetration, but switches to the east and uses the deep vales of the Nam-ti, an affluent. You run through a steaming jungle of banana trees, bamboos, palms and a thousand other huge-leaved plants and shrubs. There are few or no signs of men. The tawny rocks rise high on either side of the stream and every now and then a bright blue kingfisher darts through the sunlight. The line begins to rise more sharply at Lapati and it is hewn out of the sheer rock-face. The turbid waters of the Nam-ti swirl far below. Here and there, stuck in a crevice, perched upon a ledge, or crouching on a sandy spit at a turn of the river, you see a few miserable huts.

Mile after mile the narrow track twists, twines and twirls upwards. One moment you look down a thousand feet on both sides, at another you are gliding along a narrow ledge cut in a precipice as steep as the front of a house. The valley gets narrower and narrower and the vegetation thicker and thicker. You see a few coolies working on the line. The French foremen can only live for three or four months at a time in the lower Nam-ti and it is said that the wives of the coolies and native workmen rarely if ever give birth to children, or at least to living children.

The tropical forest is now so far below that the plants on either side are quite Alpine. It gets much colder and the train slithers in and out of more and more of the 160 tunnels on the line. Occasionally you can see wisps of smoke curling from holes in the rocks, for there the lepers live. You cross the famous cantilever bridge, flung across a yawning chasm with a tunnel of access on either side. You have risen 4,200 ft. in 40 miles. Soon afterwards the train leaves the Nam-ti valley and glides down into a huge red-brown plain which is skirted by pleated mountains through whose pleats you burrow. You are on the vast upland of Mongtse, the bed of an inland sea which has shrunk and left small and shallow lakes to dot the plateau. The town, the lakes and the countryside shimmer in a ruddy haze but you are really in China. The yellow villages, the small walled towns, and graves, graves and more graves set among high columns surmounted with lions to watch over them, the uptilted roofs and thousands and thousands of blue-clad figures, rice-fields with water-buffaloes up to the nostrils in the sticky, stinking mud, the black, saddle-backed swine routing among the offal, the general air of serious business. You are in China.

THE GOODS TRAIN: Unlike the passenger trains, which are Diesel-powered, the goods train is drawn by a steam-driven locomotive

The Mongtse plain is one of the richest tin regions known. The main mines lie about Kokiu, farther to the west, but the way to the

(Continued on page 108)

CHINA AFTER TWO YEARS OF WARFARE

Scenes in the Untouched Province of Yunnan—How it is Reached by Rail

A BRIDGE ON THE FANTASTIC TONKIN–YUNNAN RAILWAY: Connecting two tunnels divided by the deep Nam-ti valley, this cross-bow bridge gives an idea of the tremendous difficulties encountered in the building of the line over such country as is here illustrated

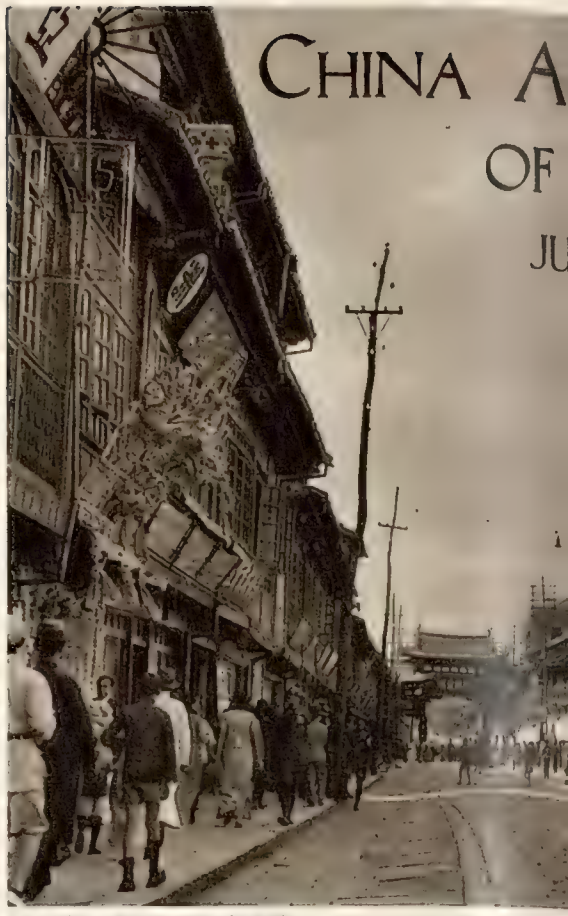
Climbing up to over 6,000 ft. during its run of 300 miles from Lao-cay to Kunming, the capital of Yunnan, this French-built railway traverses country so wild that no road exists. The railway links up Hanoi, the capital of the French protectorate of Tonkin in Indo-China, with the Chinese province of Yunnan

On left—
The narrow, twisting line which makes its way through living rock, on narrow ledges and dizzy viaducts over yawning chasms

On right—
Supported by a lattice-work of steel, this bridge in the Nam-ti valley lies between Lapati and Wan Tung

A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF TEMPLE ARCHITECTURE IN KUNMING:

When Pierre Verger took this picture a few signs of modernity were visible—felt hats worn by civilians and soldiers in modern dress. *Below*—The white tower of the Po Yun monastery



A BUSY STREET OF SHOPS IN KUNMING, CAPITAL OF YUNNAN PROVINCE:

LOOKING THROUGH THE PI KI GATE TO THE KIN MA GATE IN KUNMIN

The south-west has always been a fabled land. Jade and lacquer tree juice came from the south-west. For centuries China of the north and east has drawn on the riches of the south-west in metals, in precious stones, in rare woods and in prized products such as rhinoceros horns. One of the main results of the Japanese invasion

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AFTER TWO YEARS OF WARFARE

JULY, 1937–39

There is little else but timber visible in the whole of this view. Houses, gateway, and telegraph poles are all constructed of wood. No European signs are visible, as in the streets of the big ports

MING CITY, CAPITAL OF A PROVINCE UNTOUCHED BY WAR

s been that the Chinese themselves are discovering the riches of eir vast country and are preparing to tap its resources and utilise wealth. Yunnan is primarily the land of the Lolos who have en sinized by Chinese from the north with the remarkable result at the native Yunnanese speak Mandarin dialect of the north

HONOURING A GREAT NAME IN KUNMING: This big memorial with its inscribed tablets stands in Yunnan's capital city. *Below*—A scene at the French-constructed railway station of Kunming

WILD ROSES

Bushes laden with fragrant blossom which this year has lasted longer owing to the cooler weather. This picture was taken at Stebbing Green, near Braintree, Essex

SUMMER STUDIES

In Essex and Kent

THREE VARIETIES OF DOG ROSE

The most common species, pale pink to white, is seen on the left. The smaller, delicate sweet briar rose is in the centre, while that on the right is creamy white with a strong scent

LENGTHENING THE GREEN BELT

Fifty acres of land, including cottages and a farm, at Farthing Street, near Downe, Kent, which have been acquired for the Green Belt. This acquisition faces the recent purchase at High Elms and Farnborough

LONDON-AMERICANS CELEBRATE THE FOURTH OF JULY

Mr. Joseph Kennedy, the American Ambassador, and Mrs. Kennedy seen in a happy mood in the *left-hand* picture as they entertained nearly 1,500 of their countryfolk at a party at the American Embassy in Princes Gate, S.W., on Tuesday of last week. On that day, Americans all over the world celebrated the 163rd year of independence. All Mr. Kennedy's nine children were present. The general view on the *right* shows the garden-party in full progress in brilliant sunshine

FINANCE AT THE GREAT COLLEGES

What Life at the Varsities Costs an Undergraduate in 1939, and the Origin of the Revenues by which the Colleges are Maintained

By NOEL THOMPSON

THE average undergraduate at one of the older universities in the post-war years used to drift, or crash (according to temperament), his way through his three years at Oxford or Cambridge.

Money, except that he was usually and unaccountably short of it, did not enter much into his calculations. A parent or guardian usually either gave him an allowance to cover everything, or paid his major bills and gave him an allowance for extras.

In both cases he probably "went down" in debt to tradesmen to a certain extent. In fact, only recently I was present in a tailor's shop at Cambridge when a middle-aged man entered to pay off some of his bill. Seventy pounds was his bill when he left Cambridge twenty years ago, and £70 it still remains. The original account has been paid many times over but he still goes on buying clothes there and keeping on his floating debt. It has become a custom.

But times have changed at the universities. Ten years ago £300 was considered a bare minimum to pay for a year's studies and enjoyment. Now the figure has fallen to nearer £230 a year and the colleges are still helping to reduce this figure.

One reason is that the days of wild extravagance are over. Another is that the increasing number of students with state scholarships or trade scholarships has been more than trebled It is now no disgrace to be openly short of money, to be honestly working and living as cheaply as possible.

I have been looking through the books of a friendly college bursar and have found out what in 1939 a student may be expected to pay. The college referred to is one of the more famous old foundations, but the figures make a good guide.

First year there are extra expenses, such as caution money, which is repaid at the end of the course. This would be £12, or if there is no parent or guardian living, £50, or a banker's guarantee for that amount. Matriculation fee, college entrance fee, examination fees and the necessary cap and gown amount to about £13.

Well, that is over. What about the annual payments? First the quarterly dues to the college and university, payable termly, £27, and the college tuition fees, £22. Then come the general tuition fees which vary. Obviously, scientific subjects and those necessitating laboratory work cost most, and purely literary subjects least. Fees vary between £15 and £55 a year and examination fees will add between £3 and £5.

The only other bulk sums are for lodgings and food. Lodging out of college will cost anything between £35 and £75 a year according to the idea of luxury you entertain. But this, of course, includes furniture and service, and the lodgings are approved by the university. In college the price will be from £25 to £60, but the attendance of the invaluable bedmaker ("bedder"), lighting and heating will add between £6 and £10 a year to this, so that really there is little in it.

The best piece of news from the college front is that some of the colleges now provide furnished rooms—a very welcome growing innovation. It used to be necessary to buy either the furniture from the previous tenant, meaning an outlay of about £50, and the certainty that you would be very lucky to see a third of that money back when you left, or to furnish for yourself, knowing that the furniture value would depreciate very rapidly. Now, with college furniture provided, really very tastefully chosen, an extra £2 5s. 0d. a term will save all worry about buying or selling furniture.

One college at Cambridge alone now has 100 furnished rooms out of 300. And when I think that I got £12 for furniture which cost me nearly £80 I can appreciate what this means.

As for food, prices have again dropped. Breakfast you can order or ignore as you like. Lunch can be an egg boiled by yourself, *à la carte* in the college hall, or a complete individually ordered meal sent to your rooms. It depends on your purse. But five times a week you must have dinner in the college hall.

The college kitchens pride themselves on their food. Gone are the days when catering was farmed out to firms, or when, if you liked the chef of a neighbouring college, you could order from him. I recently had a dinner at one college which I would defy any chef preparing a meal for the Reunion des Gastronomes to better. Admittedly that was a special meal, but the average dinner, at 2s. 9d. a head, takes a lot of beating.

"In fact," admitted the bursar, "the kitchen always loses money. It cannot be helped. Although the staff are working at full pressure only six months in the year, the majority of them have to be kept on full pay permanently. The waiters and cooks needed to serve 500 undergraduates cannot all be kept on during vacation, but we want them to return in term time, so we try to find them holiday work and seaside jobs to go to."

I do not envy a kitchen manager swelling a staff up to full proportions, letting it dwindle, bringing it up to half force for Long Vacation in the summer, and always being prepared for the meals of the dons and fellows, or a rush of young men up to take scholarships.

For a college is never empty. Lecturers who have retired are entitled to keep on their rooms in college, and to dinner every night. And incidentally a lecturer gets a "stipend" for his pay. A fellow, I learned to my surprise, gets a "dividend," for he shares in the college prosperity, like a shareholder in a company. The reason is that a college is a trust and has to declare a yearly dividend. In actual fact a dividend proves to be practically a salary, but it is much more dignified as well as the correct term to refer to a fellow's stipend.

But to return to the student's balance sheet. Societies and clubs at a guinea or two must be included and clothing, laundry, and books, extra food, and general expenses, which amount to anything between £100 and £150 a year.

I compared the accounts of two undergraduates, both unknown to me. I imagine one—a quiet, studious fellow—careful with his clothes (darning, 1s. 6d.), sparing of his coal (4s.), demanding no extras in the way of luxury food (£13 odd for his kitchen bill). Supplies of bread and of milk were moderate, and he paid £8 10s. for his room.

Next on the list was a more dashing character. He was paying £19 for his room and 16 guineas extra for lectures. He liked to entertain freely (kitchen bill £27) while his mending came to £1 5s. (which sounds as though he had torn clothes trying to climb into college after hours).

Totting them up I reckoned that No. 1 was "doing" Cambridge at the rate of £224 a year, and No. 2 at nearer £400. But perhaps No. 1 made up by running a motor car and No. 2 economised on drink.

But college finance is a complicated subject. Most colleges are responsible, as dealing with trust funds, ultimately to the King in Council. This is traceable back to the days of Queen Elizabeth and more recently to Queen Victoria's days. In other words, two queens have shown more practical interest in the universities than the kings. True, 1926 saw important Acts passed through Parliament, co-ordinating the individual colleges and the university for the sake of simplifying the teaching. Subjects are now so varied that it is impossible for each college to keep an expert on all of them, and so lecturers get university as well as college posts.

And where does revenue come from apart from fees? Endowments, frequently in land. But this land, under the Oxford and Cambridge Act of 1923, is now under the Ministry of Agriculture. Its permission has to be obtained before a sale can take place. And the land may be building land in Bristol, or agricultural land in the Trent Valley or East Anglia.

Like a business company, or real estate company, a college watches the estate market, and buys and sells. Some colleges own thousands of acres, others with beautiful grounds of their own have practically no endowments. The master, the bursar, and fellows meet in council and try to balance their books and declare their dividend. The biggest headache recently has been the drop in tithe receipts.

A HIGH CHARGE ON A CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE: The beautiful buildings surrounding the Great Courtyard at Trinity College are in need of ceaseless repair. This has meant to the college a disbursement of no less than £100,000 since the war

FROM NARBONNE AND MONTPELLIER

A Newsletter from Southern France

MODERN BEAUTY IN ARCHITECTURE: A model of the Municipal Palace of Arts, Narbonne, now in course of construction. Built entirely in ferro-concrete, this ultra-modern edifice is probably the largest of its kind in France and will contain a theatre, assembly hall, art gallery, gymnasium and swimming-pool

EXCEPTING amongst wine merchants, Narbonne, situated only 6 miles from the Mediterranean Sea, on the way to Perpignan and Barcelona, is one of the least known French towns, although it is an extremely up-to-date place of over 30,000 inhabitants. Narbonne combines what is ancient and modern in rather a curious way. In the cathedral and churches, for instance, the principal altars are flood-lighted and covered with electric lamps and candles; and in the cathedral the services and organ music are radio-amplified to such an extent that they can easily be heard a quarter of a mile away! The better shops and stores contain the very latest Parisian goods, and keep their windows illuminated till 10 p.m. Electricity, petrol, and fuel oil are very much more used than coal, so the façades of Narbonne's buildings keep free from grime.

BUILT AT INTERVALS: The Cathedral of St. Just, Narbonne, the choir of which was built in 1272–1332 in the bold style reminiscent of the great churches of northern France. The rest of the church remained unfinished although work was resumed at later periods

But though so modern in spirit, the people of Narbonne are very proud of their ancient buildings, especially the cathedral which, for its size, ranks amongst the finest in France. Had it been completed it would have stood amongst the largest, but only the choir, with its double row of flying buttresses, is completed. This was commenced in 1272 and finished in the fourteenth century. In 1708 an attempt was made to construct the nave, according to plans found in the archives; but it was abandoned. In 1840 a further effort to build was made under the direction of Viollet-le-Duc; but this was abandoned the following year.

The second greatest edifice in Narbonne is the town hall, formerly the archbishop's palace, the tower of which dates from the twelfth century.

The third greatest building in Narbonne is perfectly new and ultra-modern in style. This is the Municipal Palace of Arts and Handicrafts, now being rapidly built from plans and designs by M. Henri Genard. Whilst it would be absurd to pretend that this very original and extremely modern style building ranks with the ancient ones, it would be unjust to deny that it represents a very remarkable present-day achievement.

The site very carefully chosen for Narbonne's newest building, which is entirely in ferro-concrete, and is about 320 ft. long, and 100 ft. high at its highest roof level, is such that it cannot be seen at the same time as the cathedral and town hall. Thus is avoided what would have been a very unæsthetic aspect, if not a bad shock.

The French annual wine congress (otherwise the seventh Fête Nationale des Vins de France) was held at Montpellier, in the far Midi, from July 1 to July 4, wine makers and wine merchants from all over France attending the congress, with many visitors from abroad. The object of the congress was not only scientific and intercommercial, but to make known to the general public the qualities of the various wines of France. The wine industry in France is one of the country's greatest prides, the government encourages the work in all its phases, and an official piece of propaganda, in the form of posters and showcards, announces that: "Un repas sans vin est comme une journée sans soleil."

THE NEW SAINT GEORGE CLINIC: The latest architectural feature of Montpellier which M. Lebrun, the French President, opened after inaugurating the annual French wine congress at the beginning of this month

Before he left Montpellier, which is a very progressive town, noted for its university and especially its colleges of science and medicine, M. Lebrun inaugurated the Languedoc Museum of Wine and also opened the new Saint George Clinic, Montpellier's latest architectural effort.

SWITZERLAND'S GREAT EFFORT

The National Exhibition at Zurich Gives You Quality, Not Size

ZURICH stands at the end of a lake whose blue waters divide wooded slopes, from which rise, to a snow-capped rim, the surrounding Alps. It is a beautiful city, in a beautiful setting. Zurich, is, moreover, characteristically Swiss in that it is unlike any other Swiss city. For Switzerland, as one realises after visiting the Swiss National Exhibition, is essentially an aggregation of dissimilars—racially, linguistically, culturally.

Here, upon both shores, stands the Swiss National Exhibition of 1939, the first of its kind since pre-war days. Seen from the swinging car of the suspension railway, whose 2,700-ft. span links the two shores and the two sections of the exhibition, it is as though ancient Zurich had extended two white arms along the shores of her lake.

MULTI-LINGUAL SIGN: All the cantons of Switzerland are represented in the exhibition as well as many foreign countries. Here is a sign written in the four main languages of the country, namely German, French, Italian and Romance (the old Low-Latin tongue), variations of which exist in southern Europe

By comparison with exhibitions in the great capitals, the Swiss Exhibition is a miniature affair. Wisely, and with characteristic good sense, the organisers and architects of the exhibition have resisted the temptation to build big.

Instead, they have built better. There is no lath and plaster here, no stucco. The buildings are solidly built of Swiss timber—a forest was felled to make the exhibition possible. Modernity is achieved by the use of such ancillary building materials as chromium, aluminium, granite and marble.

When the project was first mooted, two difficulties arose. The first concerned the site, for the major part of the exhibition is upon the left shore and has been built over Belvoir Park. Now Belvoir Park happens to be public. Should such a show be built on the beloved playground of the good people of Zurich? it was asked. In the end a compromise was reached. The exhibition was to be built in the park, but no single tree was to be felled. That is why, as one strolls through these gay pavilions, one comes with surprise upon the rugged trunk of a tree whose branches sail serenely through apertures in the solid walls.

The second difficulty arose over the actual work of design. Were the various sections to work independently? At first Individualism raised its head in the sacred name of self-expression. But in the end thirty-two leading architects worked loyally as a single team under the unifying direction of Hans Hofmann, the chief architect. The result is an organic whole, artistically satisfying in a way that such exhibitions seldom are.

THE MILITARY ASPECT: A very interesting feature is the pavilion where army equipment is shown. These two models give an idea of the exceptionally heavy accoutrement carried by the Swiss mountain army

Here is a typical example of this. Several manufacturers of aluminium products were interested in showing their wares. None has done so—that is, none as an individual trader. Instead, the visitor has been given a complete epitome of a great industry, from the mine to the finished article. All the industries of the country and its many-sided rural life have been similarly treated and the result is completely successful.

One might mention as outstanding the Pavilion of the People, for here is brought home in dramatic form that astonishing diversity of the Swiss people—racially, linguistically, and culturally—already referred to. One must refer, too, to the clever solution of what is, perhaps, the greatest drawback to all exhibitions, namely, foot weariness, a problem that defeated even the great Paxton.

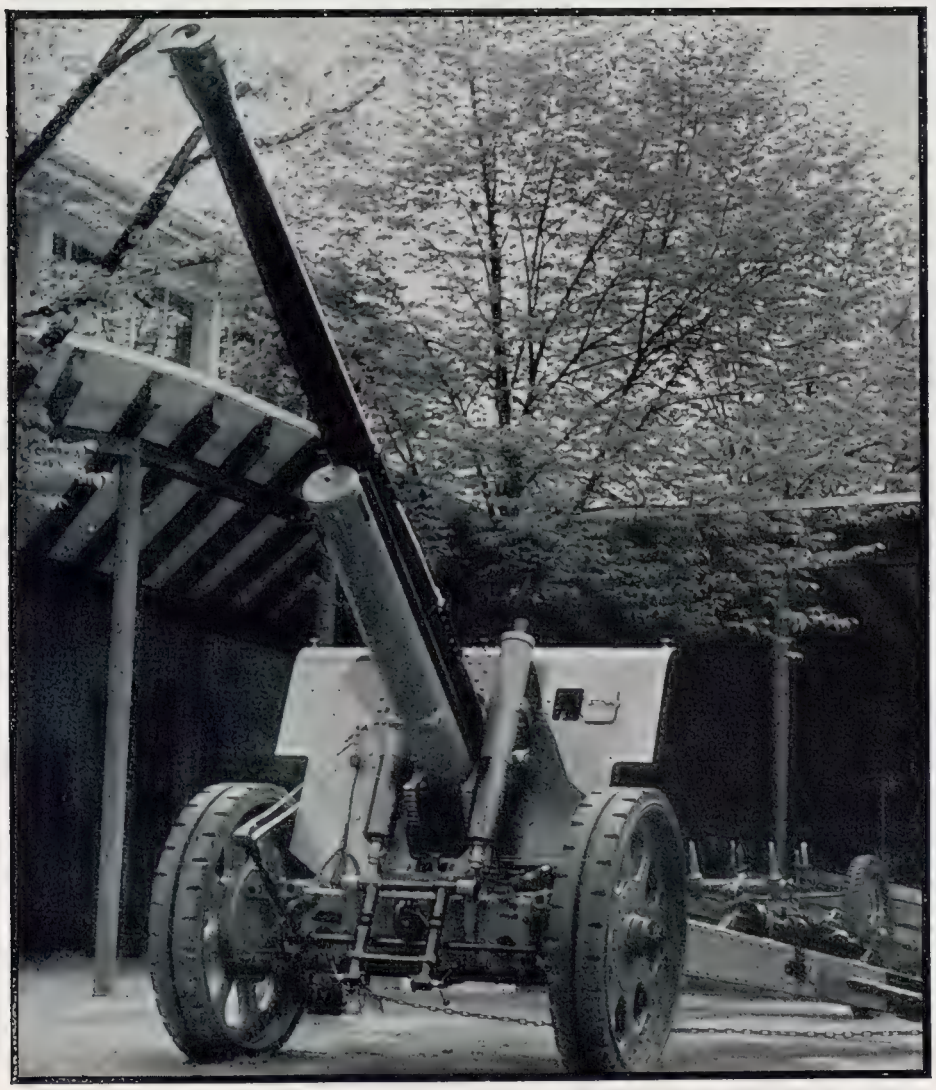
THE LARGEST AND THE SMALLEST: Peace-loving nation though she is, Switzerland has not failed to stress the military side of the exhibition where her army equipment will be seen to be of the most efficient. Above are seen the largest and the smallest guns made

When you feel that you have walked enough in the Swiss National Exhibition, you enter a small boat to be wafted along a canal that takes you through flower-scented gardens, beer gardens and even through great halls where at ease you view industrial exhibits. This water-borne way of seeing exhibition sights is not the least of the triumphs of the Swiss engineers. G. G.

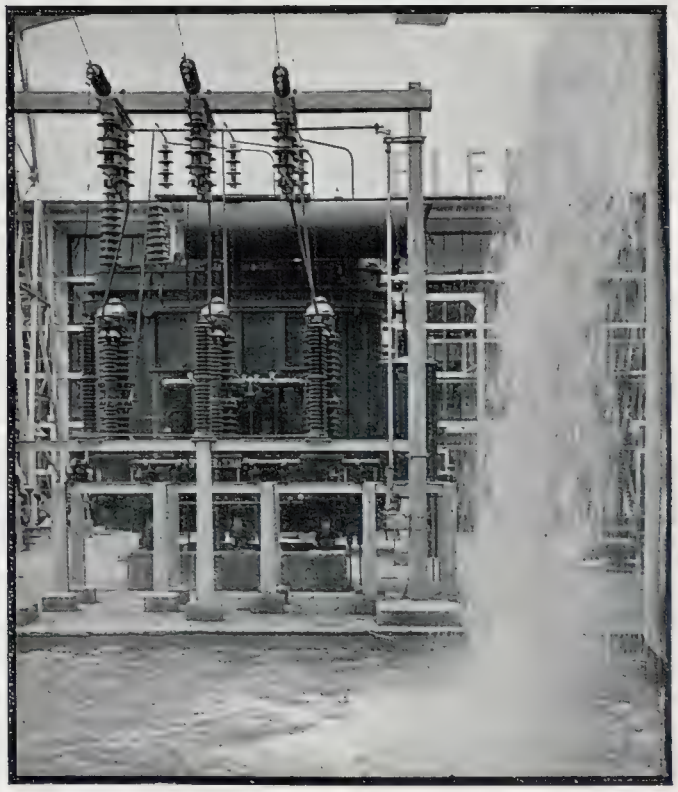
THE SWISS NATIONAL EXHIBITION

Zurich Exhibits a Colourful Array of Switzerland's Creative Production

THE MODERN KEYNOTE: A steel balustrade surmounted by a modernistic statue overlooking the exhibition grounds. This is the first exhibition of its kind held in Switzerland since before the war. *Below*—The largest Swiss artillery gun yet made, seen in the Armaments Section



THE GUARDIAN: One of the military police on duty in the grounds of Belvoir Park, Zurich's public playground, in which the major part of the exhibition is built. *Below*—A scenic waterway which conveys visitors by means of boats to various parts of the grounds



ELECTRIC MARVELS ON VIEW: Passing along the waterway, the visitors can see the different sights at their ease from the boats. The above electrical exhibit is flanked by a beautiful cascade

ART of the WEEK

ALTHOUGH the centenary of the birth of Paul Cézanne has been celebrated by several art galleries in London, the collection of his works now showing at the Wildenstein Galleries is far more comprehensive than any of the previous shows. There are a number of pictures which have never been exhibited before, and there is one—one of the most beautiful paintings of the Sainte-Victoire—which has never even been mentioned in any of the numerous books devoted to the work of this great French artist.

CÉZANNE AT WILDENSTEIN'S GALLERIES: "Woman with a Book" is a remarkably strong and complete work of his later years

In addition to this interesting collection of water-colour and oil paintings there are a number of autograph letters, manuscripts, and other objects which recall vividly the petit bourgeois surroundings in which Paul Cézanne found the peace and isolation so necessary to his work.

A picture which deserves particular attention is No. 43—"Woman with a Book." It shows a seated figure of a woman dressed in blue. The painting was executed in 1904 and is unquestionably one of the strongest and most complete works that Cézanne painted during the last years of his life.

Another compelling portrait is that of Antony Valabrègue, No. 9. This picture was not painted with the palette-knife as were most of Cézanne's early portraits.

At Walker's Galleries, Queen Mary has just purchased works by the Grand Duchess Olga and Lonsdale Ragg (Archdeacon of Gibraltar). The latter is showing an interesting collection of pencil sketches, chiefly of tree portraits, in England, Spain, Portugal and Gibraltar. A view from the last-named site was purchased by the Bishop of Gibraltar.

The Tooth Galleries are showing works by three artists; a variety to suit all tastes, Paul Nash's striking works facing some effective paintings of Eve Kirk. The first exhibition in England of paintings by Pierre Montézin is to be seen in the further gallery. Montézin's work is beautifully spring-like; saturated with sunshine, young foliage and brilliant flowers.

PENCIL DRAWING BY AN ARCHDEACON: "The Eight Pines of Barrosa Battlefield," by Lonsdale Ragg

No. 13, "Les Pêcheurs sur le Pont de Saint-Mammès," is a cleverly solid piece of construction with a sparkling light effect on both figures and water, and "La Promenade des Anglais à Páques" gives a lively impression of fast-moving traffic against a colourful background of figures and the familiar coloured sunshades inseparable from the tables on the boulevard.

"Printemps," No. 14, is a charming study in sunlight and blossom. Eve Kirk's seven paintings are executed with a palette-knife, and their broad style is most effective in park scenes. "Whitehall from St. James's Park," and "The Serpentine, Kensington Gardens," are views with which we are all familiar, but the colour and lighting effects are fleeting impressions that might not immediately strike the observer unless attention was attracted to their significance.

Considerable interest has been shown in Victor Moody's exhibition at the Goupil Gallery—where he is holding his first one-man show, consisting of some thirty items in oils, tempera, and charcoal.

THE LATEST OF BERNARD SHAW: Included in Victor Moody's show at the Goupil Gallery

The artist has specialised in a number of subjects painted in the Italian tradition and suggesting the allegorical—there is the same rounded, brightly coloured realism reminiscent of fifteenth-century Italian painters.

"The Judgment of Paris" is a remarkably fine piece of work—the facial expressions seem to show all the faun-like qualities associated with mythological characters.

Extraordinarily fine painting, amounting almost to stipple work, appears in a puzzling composition entitled "The Stringless Kit." I. B.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Saying your Aunts and Uncles and other Past Customs recorded by Lady Sybil Lubbock : Freda Utley's Year in China : A Highland Village Described

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

THE evocation of childhood is a dangerous habit for the writer because for many of them it is fatally easy, and because from many of them it is fatally boring. The early years we have lived through again, step by tedious step, with fond biographers. Once in a decade, or perhaps not as often, there appears an author of the uncanny truthfulness of Richard Hughes, or an autobiographer, if the clumsy word is permitted, whose memory is neither too sentimental nor too spasmodic.

An accurate memory, by itself, is not sufficient qualification for embarking on a task of this kind. Even if, writing of one's more or less distant infancy, one can remember with alarming clarity what one's nurse said to the cook on the occasion of the butler's departure, the report of that conversation will have to be extremely lively to justify the effort of memory. The lonely fact that those servants belonged to a vanished and more deferential day will not be enough to win over that cynical creature, the Constant Reader, and what happened to you as a child had better be funny or stay unrecorded.

For myself, I must confess that I am apt to view this type of reminiscence with a rather lacklustre eye. At its best it can be pure enchantment, at its worst mawkish. The odds are generally against one. Lady Sybil Lubbock's new book, however, is a pleasant surprise, though it falls into neither of those two categories.

THE CHILD IN THE CRYSTAL (Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d.) is certainly a volume of childhood reminiscence, from the little girl of four reciting "Morte D'Arthur" before breakfast to the rather solemn young woman preparing for her first season, but it is more than that, since it is a picture of a world wider than that child knew, a vanished world which seems far more distant to us than the forty or fifty years which actually separate it from us.

Lady Sybil lived the life of the child of that period, that is to say the child of well-to-do and distinguished parents who had a strong sense of family duty and family affection. It was, in fact, family life in the widest sense of the word that she lived, for their parents' relations were, or seemed, innumerable, and on Sundays the task of repeating the appropriate collect would often be followed by the far more onerous one of "saying our uncles and aunts."

The two little girls, for Lady Sybil had a sister whom she was persuaded outshone her in beauty, brains and, even at that age, *savoir-faire*, would do fairly well till "real" and "step" aunts and uncles were done with, and we were plunged into the jungle of "greats and great-greats," when they would flounder helplessly, and understandably, before being dismissed to the nursery.

The nursery that the author describes, presided over by a devoted nannie, must have been a haven of refuge to the delicate, serious and inquiring child. Their problems were resolved in terms of warm beds and Scots legends and comforting glasses of milk, and when, later, the nurse was exchanged for a governess, it was for a woman of such understanding that the child's progress to maturity was helped with every sympathy.

There is an interesting contrast to be drawn here between the Victorian upbringing of legend, and the life that the writer describes, intelligently ordered and full of a kindness and a consideration for others which is clearly not bettered nowadays.

With so many relations, a great part of the children's lives was naturally spent in visiting, and it is from the accounts of these visits that the picture of Victorian society really grows. The great houses, the intimidating meals passed, as at Harewood, in complete silence, the friendly servants and the disconcerting "grown-ups," the cumbersome clothes—"ladies never go out without gloves"—and the delights of the "real" country, and finally the vivid sketches of the relations themselves, help us to re-create an England of almost magnificent insularity.

Most important, of course, is the fact that Lady Sybil not only remembers the facts but the feelings of her childhood, for they are the evanescent things that give quality to such a book, and that, in this case, make it a real delight.

Those of us who know Miss Freda Utley's previous writings and her sympathy with China, might expect to find a considerable bias in that direction about her new book, **CHINA AT WAR** (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.). Instead, they will find that rare thing—a book of exact observation and scrupulous fairness.

Miss Utley visited China last year, at which time she had considerable experience of the war, and underwent the horrors of aerial bombardment and of a summer, in war conditions, in the Yangtse valley—a summer that offered, beside almost unbearable heat, the sight of thousands suffering, starving, facing wounds and death.

It is admirable and indeed astonishing that, given the emotional perceptions which are everywhere apparent in her writing, Miss Utley could have given so cool and so reasoned an account of what she saw, and should have controlled her prejudices with such sanity. Her sympathies are all with China and its cause, but she has not allowed this to blind her judgment or to keep her from ironical comment on those wealthy Chinese who expect to be defended, but consider themselves superior to the fighting force itself.

"I have dared in this book," she writes, "to criticise China. In spite of my strong desire that she should win this war, I can see her faults and I have been horrified at the neglect of the common people, and especially of the wounded soldiers, and feel strongly that to hide China's weaknesses or to be over-optimistic is not to do her a service. China will survive, in spite of the superior armaments of Japan, if ancient injustices, ancient social and financial tyrannies, and ancient ways of thought and methods of administration give way to reforms consonant with the spirit of Young China."

Miss Utley, in her chapter on Japan's war aims, is of the opinion that foreign trade is the key to their success or failure, and that if Great Britain and the United States, who are between them responsible for about seventy per cent. of Japan's foreign trade, were to co-operate, it would only be a matter of weeks, or at most a month or two before Japan was exhausted, and the end of the war within sight.

Although Mr. Alasdair Alpin MacGregor subtitles **THE GOAT WIFE** (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) "Portrait of a Village," it is something more, for it is in essence the biography of a remarkable character whom he calls Aunt Dorothy.

It breathes, moreover, the spirit of the real highlands, not perhaps the highest highlands, but something even farther north, and something so essentially Gaelic that the average Sassenach had better turn on the proper amount of respect accorded to such wondrous manifestations. There is also Auld Reekie, which I am delighted to learn is the ancient and honoured name of the Scottish capital.

Aunt Dorothy was an exceptional woman, for she set out one day from Auld Reekie at the age of fifty-eight, with a pony, two dogs, six cats, about three score hens, ten ducks, and a flock of fifty goats to occupy a croft on a highland hillside. The place, which you can call Cnocnamoine if you want to pronounce it, was reputed to be haunted, and had a curse on it, of which interesting fact the local inhabitants were acutely aware but kept it to themselves. Nevertheless, in the author's picturesque prose, it was beautiful for situation, and at the foot of the Hill of the Peats there lived a number of colourful characters. These, together with the wild and romantic countryside and the cluster of habitations, make up Mr. MacGregor's portrait of a village.

The background is filled in with childhood memories, the action covers the years before, during and after the war, and the final vignette is a nostalgic re-visitation to the ruined, tumble-down place which was Aunt Dorothy's pride and joy.

Mr. MacGregor holds undisputed sway in the literature of the land which lies north of the Tweed, and which flings a Hebridean challenge to the west and a mighty bulwark of mountains to the north. He is an artist in that kind of prose which takes the fullest possible toll of his native idiom and which stirs the same kind of emotion in the Sassenach breast as the music of that country.

Scottish readers need not further be told that this is exactly the kind of book upon which they may risk a collection of bawbees, for they will treasure it for themselves and for their future generations. For English readers it may be recommended for its undeniable charm.

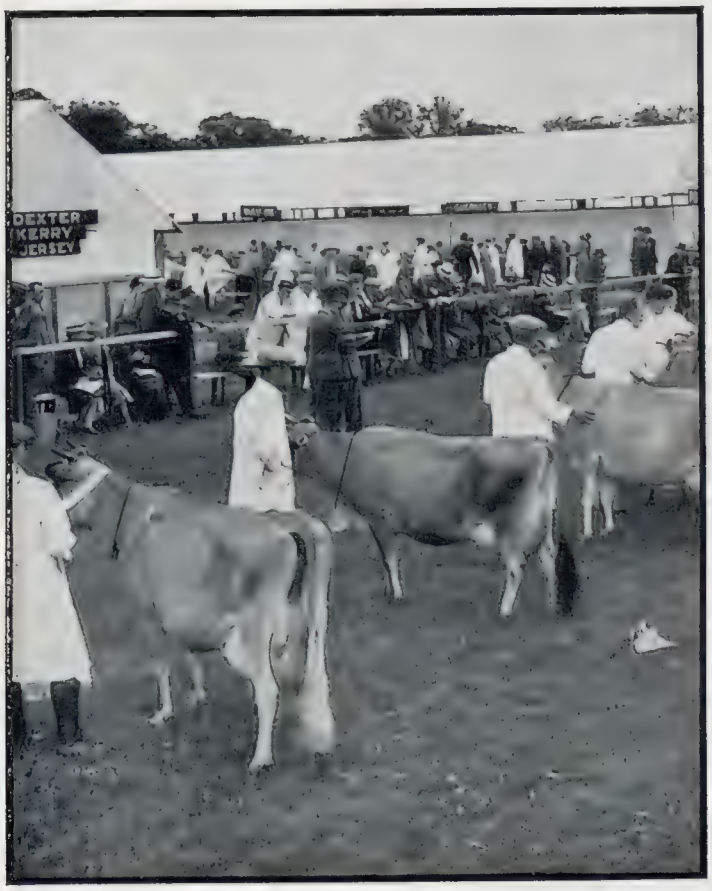
BOOKS RECEIVED

BLACKIE.—FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROATS. By Colin Howard. 8s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—PILATE PASHA. By Michael Fausset. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—RED STRANGERS. By Elspeth Huxley. 8s. 6d. COLLINS.—THE GREAT DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. By Charles Richard Cammell. Illustrated. 21s. "THE QUEER FELLOW." By John Brophy. 7s. 6d. TALES OF OLD INNS. By Richard Keverne. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—THE EXPLOITATION OF EAST AFRICA 1856–1890. By R. Coupland. 25s. STREET OF A THOUSAND MISTERS. By George Borodin. 7s. 6d. FOCAL PRESS.—CRUISING WITH A CAMERA: Photo-tips for Sea and Shore. By F. W. Frerk and Oswell Blakeston. 6s. GOLLANCZ.—YOU HAVE LIVED THROUGH ALL THIS: An Anatomy of the Age. By Edward Thompson. 7s. 6d. RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE. By Aldyth Williams. 7s. 6d. COMING UP FOR AIR. By George Orwell. 7s. 6d. GREEN FOR DANGER. By Gavin Holt. 7s. 6d. GRAYSON.—GUN COTTON. By Rupert Grayson. 7s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—THE DISCOVERY OF MAN. By Stanley Casson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. FRANCE AND MUNICH BEFORE AND AFTER THE SURRENDER. By Alexander Werth. 12s. 6d.

THE FARMERS FLOCK TO WINDSOR

The Royal Agricultural Society of England Centenary Show in Windsor Great Park

RAW SPIRIT: A five-weeks-old colt has his own ideas of conduct in the judges' ring. To mark the Society's centenary, breeders made a special effort to ensure a full representation of their breeds



THE JERSEYS: Some fine specimens of dairy cows were on view. A special prize for the best Jersey cow in milk was won by Everdon Fancy's Dream, bred by Mrs. Henry Hawkins

PRIZE-WINNERS: A fine example of a Highland cow with its calf. This highly decorative breed of cattle was well represented at the Show, which was visited by the King and Queen. The King himself won prizes with his Devon cattle from the Stoke Climsland herd

THE PRINCE OF DENMARK LIVES AGAIN AT ELSINORE'S CASTLE

John Gielgud as Hamlet and Fay Compton as Ophelia outside the Renaissance doorway of Kronborg Castle during the open-air performance of Shakespeare's great drama. *Below*—Marius Goring, making up as Osric, is helped by Barbara Dillon, lady to the queen

GIELGUD'S

In the Music

THE Palladium has gone on the Band Waggon. As I was unfamiliar with this B.B.C. attraction and as such names as "Stinker" Murdoch (and what a name !) were but names to me, I paid a visit and was not disappointed. These people know their job and are good fun. Particularly excellent was Mr. Jack Durant's biting burlesque of that most insidious and detestable of modern diseases, crooneritis, which, like tuberculosis and cancer, is on the increase.

But why was there such constant use of the microphone? This, surely, is a trick of the entertainment world which should be universally condemned. It is an unpleasant contraption in itself, though it has its uses for public speakers, in certain circumstances, who may be excused its use, since they do not pretend to be professional performers, though some could be placed in that category. But for an actor or singer or comedian to have recourse to it is a confession of weakness. If a person who professes to get his or her living by appearing on a stage before an audience who have paid to listen has to use a mechanical contrivance in order to be audible, the whole position is manifestly absurd. Why not try some other job? If those who are not naturally cursed with inaudible voices and can make themselves heard without a microphone, why use one?

The microphone, so far from adding to the beauty of singing, makes the best voices raucous and horrible. As for humour, this dodge instantly kills the funniest joke. It is nasty to look at, wholly wrong and unnatural. Its *fortissimo* blare usually drives me out of any auditorium to rest my tortured ear-drums in the street—or elsewhere. And in this respect I do not stand alone, nor, I think, am I even in a minority.

It is probably waste of time in this modern world to point out that actors, comedians, and singers did very well without microphones in the past, and that theatres are no bigger than they used to be. But will a time come when not only every music-hall turn but every actor and actress in every play will talk through a microphone? I would not be at all surprised. Possibly the reprehensible inaudibility which is so frequent on the stage to-day is just an anticipation of this catastrophe. I seem to hear the young mumblers saying "Why should we learn to speak up? We shall be having microphones soon, anyway." And then what fun playgoing will be !

Handel in Westminster Abbey.—One of my most exquisite musical experiences for a long time was the Handel Commemoration service last week in Westminster Abbey (where no one sang through a microphone). To me Handel has always been, and always will be, the greatest composer of all time—"the daddy of the lot"—and it was only fitting that such a tribute should be paid to him in the building where his bones lie.

The Westminster Abbey Special Choir sang magnificently and I agree with a distinguished contemporary that the Abbey choristers were possibly spurred on to feats of emulation by the success of the singing at the Albert Hall festival recently, arranged by Sir Sidney Nicholson, who was, of course, for some years organist at the Abbey. Handel at his mightiest and his noblest (though he never wrote a bar of music that was not noble) was heard in the anthem "Nisi Dominus," and the tone of the boys in the lovely "Let the Bright Seraphim" had something truly ethereal about it. Two of the organ concertos were played perfectly.

The Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace had ceased to be some time before that building was burned down; they were among the happiest memories of my youth. Would it not be possible to revive them somewhere else—say, at the Alexandra Palace, where there is an organ? For Olympia and Earls Court are organ-less. And why not a Handel opera at Glyndebourne occasionally in addition to those vast quantities of Mozart? The revival of Handel's *Rodelinda* (after two centuries of oblivion) at the Old Vic recently was most interesting. The *libretto* seemed a bit awry and odd. But the *libretti* of most of Mozart's operas are pretty feeble for that matter.

"Hamlet" at Elsinore.—Even a bad production of *Hamlet* at Elsinore would be an experience to be treasured, and that of Mr. John Gielgud, supported by a first-rate company, is well known for its excellence, as those realise who visited the Lyceum recently. But of that more anon. This is possibly an occasion when it is not a case of "the play's the thing"; what matters more, at any rate to the newcomer, is the place.

I have not space here to go into the vast and difficult question of the Hamlet story, of whether

"HAMLET"

Old Danish Setting, and al Matters of the Week

By PHILIP PAGE

Hamlet ever existed at all; how Shakespeare came to know of him and use him as dramatic material; and of whether Shakespeare himself visited Elsinore (very doubtful, this). The point for me, a newcomer to Elsinore, was that we were listening to the play in the courtyard of Kronborg Castle, with the ramparts where Hamlet met his father's ghost just beyond it. Not that Hamlet—let us take it for the moment that he *did* exist—would have recognised the present castle, which is late Renaissance.

And although they show you the spot in the moat where the body of Ophelia was found, you need not pay much attention to that point, particularly since Shakespeare himself tells us that she was found in a brook and never even mentions a moat. For all that, to take one's seat in the courtyard, to hear the distant trumpets blast out to announce the rise of the curtain, to see the heraldic banners softly waving in the gentle breeze of a Danish summer night, with the moon rising across the sea over towards Sweden is an unforgettable experience for any lover of Shakespeare or, indeed, for anyone possessed of a scrap of imagination or of reverence for the romantic past.

Elsinore is considerably farther north than Regent's Park, but it was less chilly in that open-air theatre than I have usually found it in our own in London. The theatre is enclosed in a quadrangle, rather like a college at Oxford or Cambridge, but much loftier, and the buildings shelter one from much of the night air and also, fortunately, make it extremely good acoustically. For part of the dress rehearsal I stood behind the back row of all—and it is a vast place—and heard every syllable perfectly. (No microphones used.) The stage which Mr. Gielgud has chosen for the whole duration of the present festival is, as he himself explains in a programme note, quite small.

"When I saw the beautiful courtyard of Kronborg Castle, I felt the play should be given there in a swift, concentrated production. Motley, who have designed the scenery and costumes, have helped me to create the atmosphere of a luxurious and splendid Court. But although, at first, I was tempted to employ the wide platforms and fine proportions of the stage used at Kronborg in previous years, I decided after some thought that I preferred a more intimate stage, on which I might convey more easily that feeling of council chambers, passages and ante-rooms.

"The shape of our scenery, with its apron-platform and inner-stage, is an elaborate form of the Elizabethan stage, which Shakespeare knew and for which he wrote his play. It projects into the yard, so that the actors may the more easily be in touch with the audience—and I hope it will enable our tragedy to be easily and swiftly performed."

The device was in every respect justified. A hidden orchestra supplied the fanfares and the incidental music, which seemed to be mostly Handel. Sticklers for accuracy will probably swoop on Handel as an anachronism. Perhaps they will point out what music would be suitable for the period in which Hamlet lived and what that period was.

There were some Danes among the supernumeraries—the carriers of Ophelia's coffin and so forth. But otherwise the Lyceum company remained. I have written much of Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet; I have never liked it so well (and I have always liked it much) as on this occasion, when the place and circumstances seemed to have inspired him. Miss Fay Compton's Ophelia remained the same excellent performance it was when she played it at the Haymarket with John Barrymore. Mr. Jack Hawkins doubled the parts of Claudius and the ghost of the man he had murdered, and was good in both. Mr. George Howe's Polonius is the best I have ever seen. Miss Laura Cowie's Queen, black-haired and slightly Oriental, was really evil. Horatio has but to be bluff, manly, and sympathetic, and Mr. Glen Byam Shaw was all that. Mr. Marius Goring did a brilliant piece of "doubling"—the ranting Player King and the epicene Osric. Mr. Harry Andrews's Laertes and Mr. Frank Tickle's gravedigger were alike admirable and in the best traditions.

Afterwards—long past midnight—to the Marienlyst Hotel (where the company are staying) for Akvavit (the Danish schnapps) and icy lager. No tyrannical nonsense about "Time, gentlemen, *pleess*" in happy, sensible little Denmark. Then an hour and a half's drive by the sea in the brilliant moonlight back to Copenhagen. And so to bed (about 5 a.m.).

"GONE WITH THE WIND" IN THE MAKING AT CULVER CITY

Work is proceeding rapidly to conclusion on the sets where the famous novel is being produced. Director Victor Fleming is seated in the carriage (on left) listening to Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh rehearsing their lines

BLOWN WITH THE WIND: A STUDY IN THE UNCONCERNED

Charles Laughton, off to Hollywood, pictured with Maureen O'Hara, heroine of *Jamaica Inn*, as the *Queen Mary* arrived at New York

A ROLLING WAVE COIFFURE DECORATES DOROTHY LAMOUR

The well-known film actress is appearing with Jack Benny in *Man About Town*, now showing at the Carlton Theatre

CATHERINE LACEY AS THE TRAGIC WIFE IN "AFTER THE DANCE"

In Terence Rattigan's serious drama at the St. James's, Catherine Lacey plays the part of the wife who pretends to be more superficial than she is—a brilliant piece of work

CAREFREE PACKING

ARE you, by chance, one of those people who needlessly complicate their lives by insisting on trying to get by with old-fashioned and haphazard luggage? Because if you are, you are missing a great deal of pleasure. There is an astonishing satisfaction in being able to slip one's frocks over a hanger and to swing them back into a case without having to fold them at all, and without having to re-press them before they can be worn. One does not need a maid when everything is made so easy. A Rev-Robe will hold twelve dresses, which can be hung and packed in three minutes, and in the end the case is hardly larger than a hat-box. You can see one for yourself in the picture on the right, standing at the back with a hat-box on the top of it. You can get them from 3 guineas, or for £3 15s. you can get a tray model, half of which takes dresses on hangers, while the second half provides space for other things

BEAUTY MUST BE SERVED

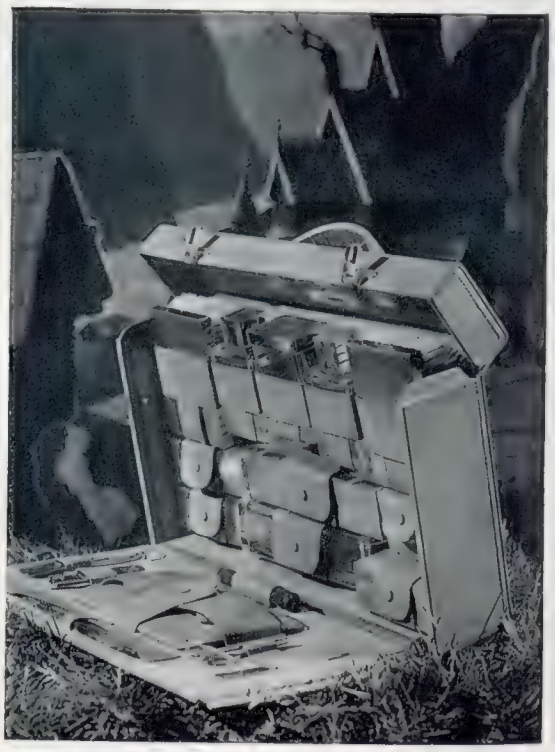
A DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLER. She is wearing a blue and grey striped double-breasted suit, impeccably tailored in Studd and Millington's inimitable manner, and her coat is a cashmere swagger with important-looking raglan sleeves. At 25, Savile Row, you can get coats like this for 6 guineas, with angora or camel-hair as alternatives, and suits in tweeds or suitings from 8 guineas.

In addition to her Rev-Robe she has a Revelation suitcase, with powers of expansion that will undoubtedly save her much worry; a square hat-box lined with moire and with side pockets; a case which holds six pairs of shoes and is available from 45s.; and a pigskin kit-bag, which she is carrying. This costs only 21s., but it would be wholly admirable at any price. All this luggage comes from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly, W.

BLONDE TORTOISESHELL brushes and engraved glass bottles in a pigskin dressing case, fitted neatly into a tray which lifts out and becomes a slender separate attache case. In this instance the finest demi-blonde tortoiseshell has been used, but Mappin and Webb make similar cases in morocco with silver fittings for £29 10s., and with enamel ones for £28 10s.

A BEAUTY BOX is, in these days, indispensable when it is a point of honour with any woman to arrive at her destination looking as fresh as a flower. This one is in brown crocodile with plastic-topped bottles and boxes. It comes from Mappin and Webb and costs £14 10s., but equally well-planned cases can be bought there from 2 guineas

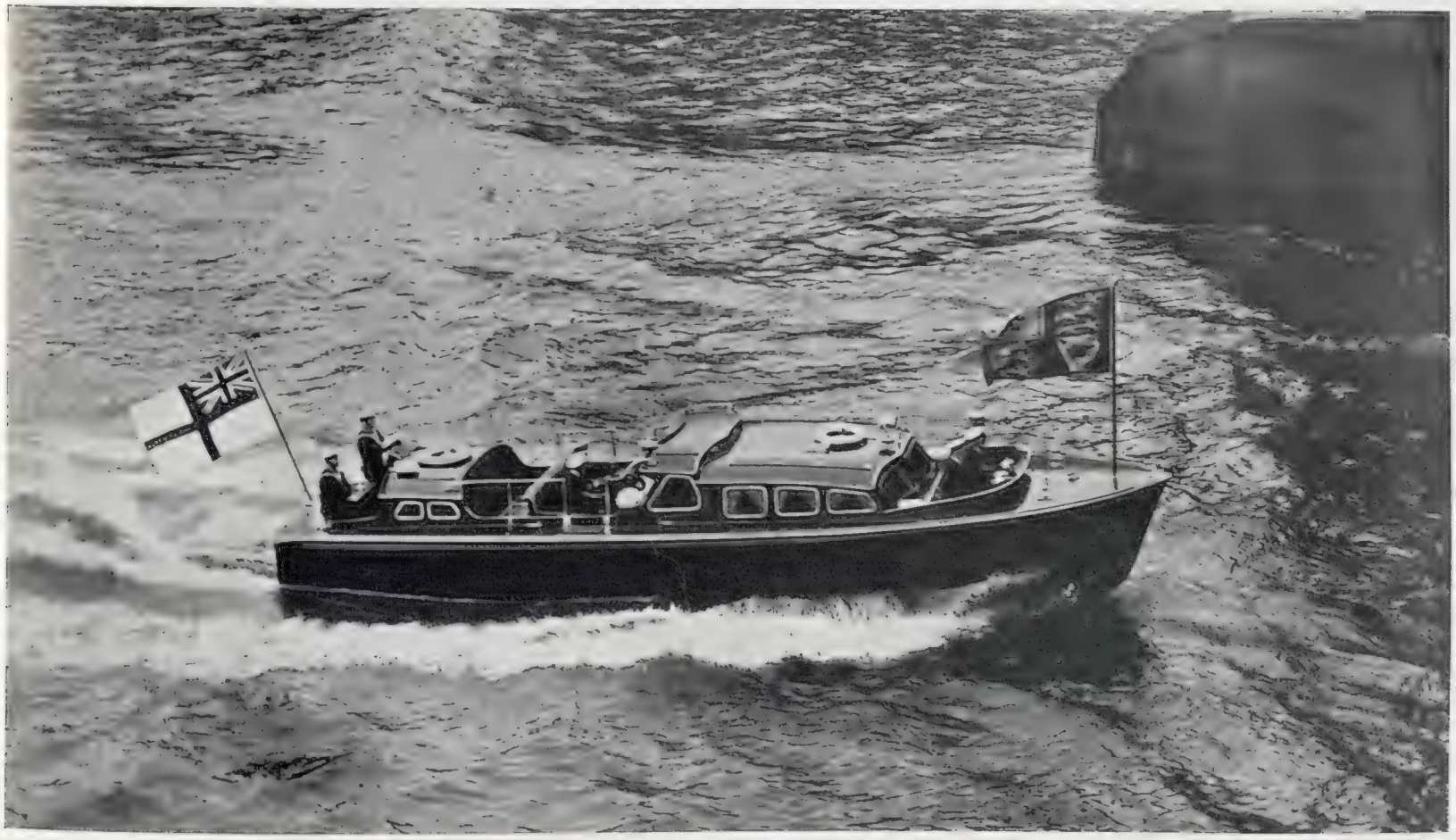
NEAT AS A BRIEFCASE, this pigskin travel case for a man is marvellously compact. The square brushes have engine-turned silver tops, with a space for an initial, and the bottles and boxes fit in with praiseworthy precision. This particular case costs £35 at Mappin and Webb's but there are many others of equally admirable design which can be bought for as little as 10 guineas



THE KING GOES BY RIVER TO GREENWICH AND DINES IN THE PAINTED HALL

A Banquet Given by the Lords Commissioners of Admiralty in Order to Celebrate the Restoration of a Wren Masterpiece

THE BANQUET IN THE PAINTED HALL: This was the scene as the King, accompanied by the Duke of Kent, sat with members of the Board of Admiralty, senior naval officers, and other guests at a banquet held last Tuesday to celebrate the restoration of this famous chamber to its former beauty. The Painted Hall, which is now the officers' mess of the Royal Naval College, was built by Wren, gained added lustre by the noble ceiling and mural paintings of Thornhill, and then in 1823 was suddenly, through misplaced zeal, transformed into what was afterwards declared to be "the worst hung and worst lighted gallery in Europe." Seven years of toil by the Office of Works have now restored the place. A picturesque ceremony at the dinner was that of carrying a baron of beef in procession round the hall



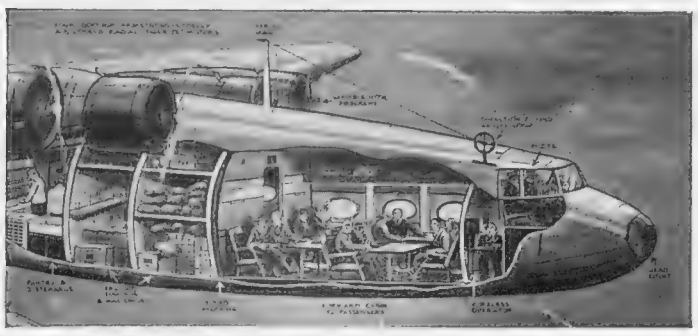
THE JOURNEY DOWN THE THAMES: The Royal barge, flying the Royal Standard and the White Ensign, about to pass beneath Blackfriars Bridge, as with the King and the Duke of Kent on board, she sped downstream to Greenwich. Vessels anchored or moored by the northern or southern banks showed by their bunting and their waving crews that they regarded the Royal procession as an honour to the river. British, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish ships—all dressed—between London Bridge and Tower Bridge were the first of the larger vessels to herald the approach of the Royal procession with a greeting that was continued by traders and crowded pleasure craft to the journey's end at Greenwich, where the last large vessel to be passed was a German ship, also dressed. This was the first occasion on which the new Royal barge has been seen on the Thames. Normally she is carried on board the Royal yacht for the use of the King

THE ART OF VICTOR MOODY: There is an air of Italian realism in this oil painting, entitled "Youth is Nimble," which is being exhibited in Mr. Moody's one-man show at the Goupil Gallery, 3-5 Burlington Gardens. The exhibition remains open until July 22

IN THE MONET MANNER: This is one of a number of paintings by Pierre Montezin whose work is being exhibited in the main gallery at Tooth's. Montezin employs familiar impressionist idioms with extraordinary fluency. See notes on current art on page 100 of this issue

"INSIDE KNOWLEDGE": A BOOK FOR THE CURIOUS

THE FORWARD SECTION OF A SUBMARINE WHILE SUBMERGING OPERATIONS ARE IN PROGRESS: This wonderfully detailed drawing, so apposite at the present juncture in view of the *Thetis* disaster which occurred through the flooding of the forward compartments, is taken from *Inside Knowledge*, a remarkable new book which has just been published by the Illustrated London News. The book consists of over thirty pictorial diagrams, each revealing in the clearest possible fashion the inner workings of things which the majority of us only see from the outside, such as submarines, destroyers, cruisers, etc. The book is reasonably priced at 3s. 6d.



THE INTERIOR OF A BRITISH "ENSIGN" AIR LINER: Another revealing pictorial diagram from the Illustrated London News publication *Inside Knowledge* which has just made its appearance. The *Ensign* is used on the European routes as well as on the Empire services

The Petrol World

100 M.P.H. ON THE HIGHWAY

The 4½-litre Lagonda Which Guarantees This Speed and Links it With Safety

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. *(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)*

EVER since motoring started, a certain number of manufacturers have endeavoured to produce a standard motor car that will attain a speed of 100 m.p.h. on the road. Since saloon bodies became the popular type of coachwork the problem of attaining this speed has naturally become more difficult. Very few makers have succeeded in producing this more or less magic vehicle and even those who have striven and gained their object in this direction have given us rather uncertain vehicles full of whims and fancies and calling for much attention to keep them up to the mark. I would not like to venture to give the exact number of makers who have succeeded in producing cars to do the speed in question, nor would I venture to suggest how many are doing so to-day. One thing, however, is quite certain—the number can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Foremost amongst the manufacturers in question is Lagonda Motors Limited who produce a perfectly standard motor car that will definitely attain a genuine 100 m.p.h. It is not a freak or a delicate piece of machinery, on the contrary it will run on ordinary pump fuel and will keep on giving this performance without any more attention than that bestowed by the average owner on the average car. Not having driven one of these mile-eating Lagondas, I quickly said yes to the invitation extended to me by the makers to try one during a recent week-end. Although this particular model having a 12 cylinder engine was new to me I have very happy recollections of Lagondas in the past. I owned a 2-litre which I drove for twelve months and then in the following year I changed over to a supercharged 2-litre. Both of them provided me with thoroughly enjoyable motoring and so I anticipated that with the 12-cylinder car I was going to have an interesting time.

A VETERAN'S SUCCESS: Entered by John Gibson and Son, of Edinburgh, and driven by Messrs. W. Ramsey and F. Grant, this 1904 Humber 2-seater put up an excellent performance in the Royal Scottish Automobile Club's recent car run from Glasgow to Edinburgh. Despite damage to the petrol tank which necessitated the passenger holding an improvised cover over the hole with his heel for most of the journey the thirty-five-year-old car was successful in securing one of the plaques awarded to finishers within the stipulated time

The particular car loaned to me was the model described in the catalogue as the Lagonda Saloon. Apparently the manufacturers market a Short Saloon which has a 10 ft. 4 ins. wheelbase with a low radiator and body. There is also a Saloon de Ville which has an 11-ft. wheelbase, with a slightly higher radiator and body. Each of these types has its own advantages and the people who buy one will probably not dream of buying the other. So the makers had the happy idea of listing an intermediate type which has the longer wheelbase but the low radiator and body. This car they call the Saloon, and it was in one of these that I spent a thoroughly enjoyable motoring week-end. I will not pretend that I reached the magic 100 m.p.h. because I did not, for I could find no suitable opportunity of making a serious attempt to verify the claim of the makers. I know, however, other people who have confirmed the makers' claim and they are people whose statement I accept without any query. Unfortunately, the speedometer of the car had not a very steady hand but on two occasions it definitely swung between the 100 and the 90 on the dial. I am quite convinced that this car is a genuine 100-m.p.h. vehicle.

As I have previously mentioned, some of these high speed cars are fragile creatures but no one who has ever driven this Lagonda, even in his wildest moments, would suggest that it is anything but robust. If I have any criticism of it in this direction it would be that the car appears, if anything, too strong and weighty. When the bonnet is opened the mechanically-minded person has a joyful sight to behold. The space underneath is literally packed with machinery but all arranged in a very orderly and workmanlike manner. The twelve cylinders are arranged in two banks of six in V formation. The unit is extremely pleasant in operation, is quiet except for a slight hum which sounds as if it might come from the dynamo. The cubic capacity is 4½ litres and the crankshaft will turn over at the rather remarkable speed of 5,500 r.p.m.

After the engine I suppose the gear-box is the most important unit in the eyes of the average motorist. This Lagonda gear-box provides the driver with four forward speeds and a reverse. The gear lever is situated in the centre of the chassis and I am glad to say it is not one that bends every time it is moved. The gears are all synchromesh except when changing down from second to first. This unit gives the driver the impression that it is particularly sturdy and, in fact, I believe it is. In order to get a good performance so far as acceleration is concerned the gear-box has definitely to be used, but after all, that is the mission in life of a gear-box. By manipulating the lever very good acceleration is attained and the gears are definitely silent.

To me the most remarkable feature of the car is the way it takes corners. I can honestly say I have never driven any other car which behaves better at speed on bends. In fact, the car goes round so much as if it were on rails that the driver is tempted to take the turn perhaps too fast, not for the car, but for the tranquillity of other road users. Wrapped up in this ability to go round corners is the suspension system. Usually on a fast sports car the occupants are subjected to a certain amount of discomfort through the springing being damped by particularly stiff shock absorbers; the springs themselves being also less flexible than are usually found on a touring car.

The steering took me a little time to get used to because it is definitely lower geared than that fitted to the car which I drive day in and day out, but after 100 miles or perhaps a little more I found it quite likeable and I must say that no matter at what speed the car is travelling it can be placed exactly where the driver wishes it to go. The brakes, too, were a little strange at the commencement because there is no servo to assist the driver in their operation, with the result that one has to press fairly forcibly on the brake pedal to produce the desired result. Here again, after 100 miles or so I found that I could instantly gauge the correct pressure to apply for any given set of circumstances. They would definitely stop the car in the shortest possible space.

"Correct, sir?"

London Saleroom Notes

A TOP PRICE FOR A WHISTLER

"At the Piano" Evokes Eager Bidding at Christie's

A PICTURE THAT WAS AT FIRST REFUSED BY THE PARIS SALON, BUT FETCHED £6,405 AT AUCTION LAST WEEK: Whistler's painting, "At the Piano," which has just been purchased at Christie's for the above-mentioned sum, the buyer being Mr. Stevenson Scott. This is an auction-room record for a Whistler and it is understood that the picture will go to America. It comes from the collection of the late Sir Edmund Davis. The lady playing the piano is Whistler's sister, Lady Haden, wife of the etcher, Sir Seymour Haden, and the girl is Annie Haden

WITH July the summer season in the salerooms is very near its end, but some of the best sales are reserved for it. There was great interest in the sale at Christie's on July 7, when the pictures belonging to the late Sir Edmund Davis, of Chilham Castle, were sold. The high moment of the afternoon was when Whistler's picture, "At the Piano," was sold for 6,100 guineas—a record auction price for Whistler's work. This charming picture, a study in black and white, was painted in 1859, when Whistler was paying a visit to England from Paris. The lady at the piano was his sister, who married the well-known etcher, Sir Seymour Haden, and the little girl in white, leaning over the piano, was her daughter, Annie.

The Salon, for some curious reason, refused the picture, but it was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1860, and seven years later the Salon finally accepted it. It was so much admired by the artist John Phillips, R.A., that he bought it for the modest sum of £30—a remarkable contrast to the £2,800 given by Sir Edmund Davis, and even more so to the amount just given by Mr. Stevenson Scott. The under bidders, the National Art Collections Fund, strove hard to obtain this little masterpiece for the Tate Gallery, but gave up at 6,000 guineas.

The other important Whistler picture in the sale was "A Symphony in White"—the first to bear one of those musical titles which so annoyed the critics. This was purchased by Dr. Thomas Bodkin of the Barber Institute, Birmingham, for 3,300 guineas. These pictures, now so fully appreciated, recall the storm which raged round Whistler and his work. In addition to Ruskin and his "pot of paint" there was Sir George Scharf, keeper of the National Gallery, exclaiming over the famous portrait of Carlyle "has painting come to this?"

One of the pictures recovered after the robbery at Chilham Castle last year—"Lady Clarges" by Gainsborough, has lost favour and shows a decline in saleroom values. It fetched £2,100 in 1895; £1,942 in 1898; and now it has fallen to £1,575. The portrait of Mary, Duchess of Richmond, only daughter of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, which Sir Edmund Davis bought at the Feilding sale last year for 1,450 guineas, failed to obtain a higher bid than 820 guineas. However, two Canaletto views in Rome held their own, being bought by an American bidder for £3,045 whereas Sir Edmund had obtained them for £2,835.

A sale of Old Masters took place at Christie's yesterday, too late for results to be in the current number. Its chief glories were too fine portraits by Romney, of Sir Robert Shore Milne, at one time Governor of Quebec, and of his very attractive wife, a great-granddaughter of the first Duke of Portland, the great friend of our Dutch King, William III.

Another interesting picture is "A Hilly River Scene with the Flight into Egypt," by Pieter Brueghel, painted, according to Dr. Gustav Gluck, who has written a certificate of authenticity, about 1554–1557. Pieter Brueghel was known as Peasant Brueghel, distinguishing him from his two sons, Pieter and Jan. He certainly retained his peasant outlook thoroughout his life, and was uninfluenced by his visit to Italy except perhaps for his interest in mountain scenery. He seems, too, to have been much less occupied with the religious subject of his pictures, which are prized for their delineation of the actual life of the Flemish people among whom he lived, and also for the beauty of his landscapes. The large price of £15,000 was given in 1921 by the National Gallery for his picture "The Adoration of the Kings."

A portrait by Gainsborough of James Donnithorne, merchant, of Lincoln's Inn (sent by the Dean and Chapter of Hereford), and a charming portrait by James Northcote, R.A., of Mrs. Abel Smith and her little daughter Mary, were two others of the outstanding pictures in this interesting sale.

PAINTED BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN IN THE ANGELICA KAUFFMANN STYLE: This four-poster, with its pleated canopy and slender foot rails, is to be sold at Cam House, W.8, on July 25. Sir William adorned the panels with figures and views in vignettes and floral ornamentation. They harmonise distinctly well with the old Flemish tapestry which is being sold separately

One is glad to learn that the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh, have acquired the sixteenth-century gold pendant engraved with the arms of Mary, Queen of Scots, set within a crystal in colours. The sum of £440 was given for it at the sale at Sotheby's on June 29, part of the money being given by the Duke of Hamilton and the National Art Collections Fund.

A beautiful and lavishly illuminated manuscript of the Hours of Claude de Villa was one of the treasures of the sale on July 12 at Messrs. Sotheby's. This fifteenth-century manuscript has fifteen full-page miniatures, many smaller pictures, and large initials. It is considered to be the work of two artists, one of much greater ability than the other.

B. H.

CONTINUATIONS

THE SPANISH REFUGEES

(Continued from page 86)

the hours. Sport or athletics are impossible, alas. A remarkable number are painters and sculptors and these hold pathetic enough shows, on account of the nature of their materials.

The main topic is money: how to raise a little in order to profit by the slender canteen system of "extras," and so make each never-ending day a little more bearable. Men who were in commerce have gone back to it, now selling any articles they can profitably assemble for sale, such as very left-off clothing, "secret" jewels, sandwiches, wine, tobacco. At one point there is an open market where men offer such wares as little tables of their own fashioning, or model aeroplanes in wood, model boats—pathetic efforts, all, executed with implements of chance.

The good, however, is that they occupy a man's mind. The rotting process has gone pretty far, and one is doubtful if Barcarès will heal it. Still, the French, firm on the spot to a point of hardness, fed up with the whole business, will have done their best. What other nation would have received this enormous host at all?

At Perpignan I was told that no retreating army could have behaved better. On the roadside, I have seen for myself how friendly children and locals are with the parties of internees and even prisoners, working under guard. "Poor fellows," said one woman, "they are not bad. Only very, very few!"

CHINA AFTER TWO YEARS OF WARFARE

(Cont. from page 92)

supplies into China. With Canton in the enemy's hands and holding undisputed command of the sea, these supplies were much interrupted, while the other large ports of Swatow, Amoy and Foochow came in for intermittent attacks.

The Chinese have carried out several counter-attacks in various parts, resulting in the re-capture of the two important cities of Kaifeng, on the Lunghai Railway, and Nanchang—south of the Poyang lake—and have held up the Japanese advance in several directions, particularly around Canton.

On June 22 last Swatow was blockaded and occupied by the Japanese, while the remaining large ports of Foochow and Wenchow were blockaded a few days later, thereby practically closing the last doors for supplies from overseas. The railway through French Indo-China to Yunnan, with its branch line to Lungchow, the completion of the great road through Burma to Yunnanfu, and the 2,000-miles-long overland road from Russia into north-west China remain the only routes through which appreciable supplies can now come.

In spite of enormous advantages which the Japanese have held all along in their complete command of the sea, their greatly superior number of aircraft, and their military equipment, the Chinese have offered a wonderfully determined and united resistance, which has not only opened the eyes of the Japanese, but won general admiration. But the trail of devastation, the merciless slaughter of hundreds of thousands of poor civilians by air raids, the senseless destruction of all universities and educational establishments within their reach, has brought Japan little, if any, nearer to the overthrow of Chiang Kai-Shek's redoubtable regime. On the other hand, the repercussion on the morale, the reputation and the finances of Japan by her frustrated ambitions is contrasted with the remarkable unity of purpose and dogged resistance of the great empire she has tried to subdue.

Edwin H. Judd

PROWESS IN PENMANSHIP: Mr. P. H. B. Lyon, headmaster of Rugby School, watched by Mr. Richard Burbidge, Managing Director of Harrods, as he judged some of the hosts of entries in Harrods' 1939 Handwriting Competition. The contest is open to pupils of every school in the United Kingdom and was inaugurated in 1928. This year's Senior Challenge Shield was awarded to Mostyn House School, Parkgate, Wirral, Cheshire

BY RAIL TO SOUTH-WEST CHINA

(Continued from page 92)

outer world runs through Mongtse and the French railway. Acres and acres of mud, rice and sugar fields, great grey buffalo caked with dry mud. False egrets picking the worms off their backs and the dry, dusty smell of China. You clamber out of the plain through villages with strange names, Black Dragon, Pool of the Little Dragon, Pool of Felicity and so forth and vast mountain ranges stretch on either side. You are soon 6,000 ft. up and the mountains rise higher and higher and block the view. You stop at a little place called K'aiyuen where there is a bungalow, a restaurant, huts and houses of the railway employees and a riot of flowers. It is all rather unexpected. The luncheon moreover is excellent and curiously enough much better than you usually get in Indo-China itself.

Five hours later you are over the last lines of mountains and moving down into a rich plain covered with fruit trees, tobacco plants, sugar-canes, and every sort of vegetable and fruit. Except for the exhilarating purity of the air, you might imagine yourself on the sea-level. You are on the legendary plain of Yunnan which so astonished Marco Polo when he went there for Kublai Khan.

The south-west of China has been well called "colonial China," for although unmistakably Chinese in culture and civilisation, the Chinese are really strangers here, although they have occupied some parts of the country for the last 2,000 years. Village succeeds village, town succeeds town—always yellow, brown, and ruddy-orange. Yunnan means in Chinese the "cloudy south," but the clouds are all on or around the mountains. The plains have a very dry climate, and the sky, except during the rainy season, is almost always blue, and for nine months out of the year it is spring.

The few miles before Kunming is reached you run through a veritable orchard of fruit trees, and if you reach the city just as the sun sets, the colours are unforgettable. Were it not for the war Yunnan would be a paradise.

The French railway takes at the present time about 300 or 400 tons of stuff a day into China and this amount will be increased to about 500 tons in a month or two.

Alan Houghton Broderick

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

On Wednesday July 5 the Newport Market Army Bands School at Fortescue House, Twickenham, held its annual cadet inspection, when the Rt. Hon. Viscount Bridgeman carried out the inspection. Since the transference of this school from Orpington to Twickenham there has been a marked improvement in the boys' health and playing. Many boys are seeking a musical career in Army bands. Will you, if you did not attend the inspection, please send a donation towards training these boys? All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the headquarters of the Society at 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

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BRUGES AND ITS BELFRY are inseparable in the public mind, for this famous tower is the crowning glory of a city that has thoroughly preserved its medieval aspect. This year Bruges is celebrating the 500th anniversary of Hans Memling, the Flemish master, and an exhibition of his work is being held there

BELGIUM'S RICH ASSETS:

A Land of Romantic Cities, Peaceful Forest Villages, and a Sandy Coastal Playground Stretching from La Panne to Le Zoute

AS the names of places in Belgium come to mind there is a temptation to stress the part they played when the nation made its heroic stand for liberty. All honour to them; the memory of their grief and gallantry is indelibly written in history, but it is of a peaceful and prosperous land, and one eminently suited to the traveller, that I want to write.

The Belgium of to-day is a finer place than it was when I first knew it, though its rich assets in natural beauty have remained constant throughout. It is a perplexing country to write about; compact, but presenting so many aspects that any one of half a dozen themes might be developed and leave no room for the others.

Perhaps a little reluctantly it has to be recognised that in the minds of most people who move about at this time of the year Belgium means Ostend and thereabouts; in other words, that forty miles of sandy playground from La Panne, near the French frontier, to Le Zoute, near the Dutch. They are content with the happy healthy break their visit to the coast affords, and in the range of its resorts there is something to suit every taste. There are large gay places like Ostend, Blankenberghe or La Panne, and smaller, quieter ones such as Heyst, Westende, and Knocke. A very important consideration is that it is not an expensive part of the world, and I noticed the other day that you can stay at one of the best hotels on the front at Ostend for a fortnight for little more than 10 guineas, and that includes the cost of travel.

You must know quite a lot of places which call themselves queens among resorts. There are no agreed standards, but you accept the term as indicating something grand, possibly beautiful and dignified, and certainly the claim of Ostend for a place in the royal circle is admitted without hesitation. It has enjoyed royal favour for many years and figuratively introduces a very large number of people from these islands not only to the Belgian coast but to European travel. To me the picturesque fishing harbour is not the least of its attractions; others revel in the delights of its brilliant casino and the thrills of the fine course at the Wellington Hippodrome.

A serious challenge for the premier position on the coast is made by Blankenberghe, where there is an ultra-modern casino, a characteristic fishing harbour and a pier half a mile long.

Now we must leave the coast to those who cannot tear themselves away fromit, and have a look at other things. To my mind the irreducible minimum of a tour in Belgium is Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent and Bruges and, of course, the Ardennes.

Brussels is a cheerful place with something of the atmosphere of Paris about it. Medieval and modern are blended in this rich storehouse of famous monuments and museums; there is variety and beauty in its building, and the city is well planned. The Grand' Place, surrounded by the Hall of the Guilds, the slender spire of the beautiful town hall, the Collegiate Church of the Saints Michael and Gudule—a perfect example of Gothic architecture—the imposing structure of the Law Courts and the royal quarter are outstanding features.

The name Brabant is early impressed on the visitor to Brussels. The capital of the country to-day was the capital of the duchy within whose ancient boundaries you might spend many a day. The province is divided into two regions, differing widely and separated by the forest of Soignes. Flemish Brabant regards Louvain as its county town, an ancient university city whose majestic town hall miraculously survived in the years when other treasures perished. In the undulating country between Brussels and Louvain are castles which have become museums, and attractive villages. The other Brabant, the Walloon, in the more hilly south has much in common with the Ardennes, from which it is divided by the Meuse.

I fear there are many visitors to Belgium to whom the Ardennes means little. They are missing one of the most charming holiday grounds in Europe. It is a country easy of approach and there is no difficulty in getting from place to place. Once upon a time it was part of a vast and in places almost impenetrable forest. The changes which have taken place do not seem to have disturbed its tranquillity and for a course of nerve-soothing you could not do better than make one of its charming villages your headquarters for a time. Pretty rivers wind their way through the valleys—the Lesse which vanishes from sight at the Gap of Belvaux and reappears under the fairy-like vaults of the Grottoes of Hans; the turbulent Semois, the two Ourthes, which meet at Le Herou, and the Ambleve which flows through some of the best scenery. Footpaths lead right into the heart of the forest and to therocky heights.

If you do not favour the peace of a village, Namur, Dinant, Huy, and other old towns provide every facility for your explorations, and I would particularly commend to you the health resort, Spa, which for several hundred years has enjoyed an international reputation and offers all the attractions of a big town, including a luxurious casino. Not many miles from Spa is a city, Liége, which is in the news this year by virtue of its temporary exhibition celebrating the completion of the canal link with Antwerp, which will be of lasting benefit to the commerce of the country. Except for its slag-tips, Liége betrays little of its mining activity, and I would recommend a halt there. It has very pleasant surroundings.

The last time I was in Belgium I made a point of seeing Malines again. It has some lovely buildings, and the city is dominated by the tower of St. Rombaut's Cathedral with its famous carillon of forty-six bells.

The people of Antwerp seemed to think I would be as interested in their twenty-four-storey skyscraper, the highest in Europe, as anything in the city. Antwerp surprises those who see it for the first time by its magnificence. It has fine buildings and wide streets.

If Bruges and Ghent come late in this article it is not because their claim to the attention of the traveller is less than that of other parts, but I have had occasion to mention them both in recent writings. Bruges will always be to me the outstanding gem of Belgium and this year it has two events to which I should like to call special attention. There is the five-hundredth anniversary of Hans Memling, the Flemish master who settled there, and an exhibition of his work which opened last month in the municipal art gallery will continue until the beginning of October. In August there are performances of the pageant play of the Holy Blood.

One more city I must mention: Ypres, of hallowed memory. I think you will make that pilgrimage.

Beverley Brooke

A CHATEAU ON THE MEUSE NEAR GODINNE: A scene typical of this region of Belgium which had great importance in feudal times and lies in the very heart of the area so devastated by the great war

AN IMPOSING RELIC OF FEUDAL DAYS: The Chateau des Comtes de Flandre stands on the left bank of the Lys at Ghent and is perhaps the most interesting example of medieval military architecture in the whole of Belgium. It was founded in the ninth century and in later times was the seat of the Council of Flanders

On right—**SABOTS FOR SALE BY THE THOUSAND** in the market square of Malines. A picture taken in the shadow of St. Rombaut, the metropolitan cathedral of Belgium. Its great tower is a landmark for miles round, commanding the flat plains of Antwerp and Brabant. Malines was once famous for its lace, but is now largely engaged in furniture production

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Rubens Hotel.— Finest Hotel facing sea. Near Casino—Golf—Tennis.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near Golf, Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates.

FRANCE

Antibes.—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes et Pavillon Eden-Roc.—Unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

Aix-les-Bains.—Hotel Beau Lieu.— Family hotel. Famous cooking. Moderate terms. Open all the year.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest) Brenners Parkhotel, Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.—Gasteinerhof.—Sunniest hotel. 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. from RM.9.50. Patr. by English soc. Open in winter.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Des Kaiserhof.— First-class hotel. Situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Gastein.—Parkhotel Bellevue.—The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

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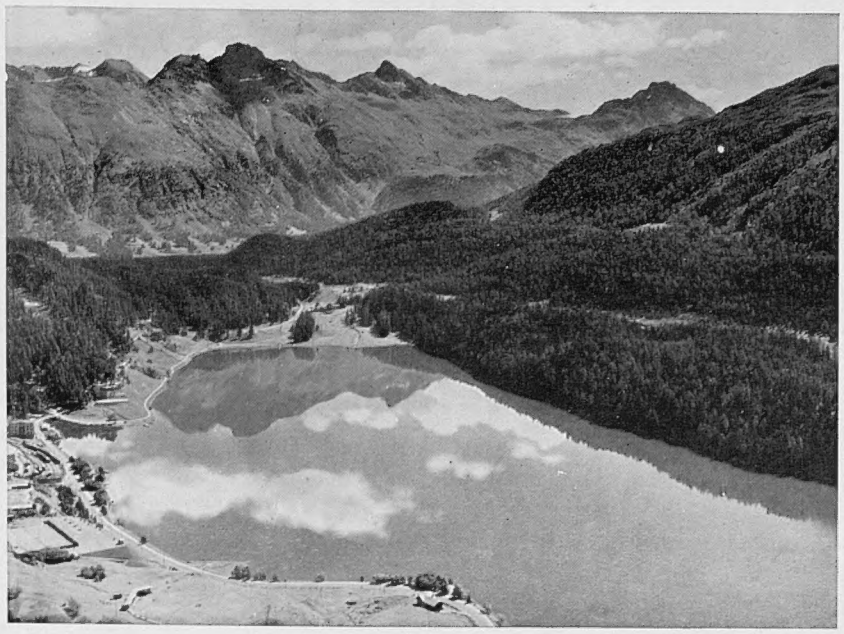

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GERMANY—*continued.*

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage. A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—Htl. Imperial.—Excl.—wld. known, close to the springs & baths. Season April 15 to Oct. 15. Prospectus. Tel. 35.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop. Hanns Kilian.

Igls/Tyrol.—Golf Hotel Iglerhof.—Leading hotel in Tyrolean Alps. All modern comfort. Golf course. Bathing. Moderate terms.

Kitzbühel/Tyrol.—Hotel Weisses Rössl.—All comforts. Best position. Very popular with English visitors.

Leipzig.—Hotel **Astoria.**—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date hotel in South Germany.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bath. Establ. Patronised by best Society. Pens. fr. Marks 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

POLAND.

Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every modern comfort. 90 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-bar Garden.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

SWITZERLAND.

Baden-Spa (near Zurich).—Verenahof and Ochsen.—1st. cl. highly cultured fam. htl. Mod. comft. 100 med. (thermal) bths. in htl. mod. trms.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1939. Rooms from 6 Frs. Full board from 13 Frs. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 ft.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frc. 11

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Klosters.—Sport Hotel Silvretta.—4,000 ft. Orchestra. Dancing. Pension fr. 15. Electrically hted. swim. pl. Tennis. Wlkng. Mntaineering.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hôtel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Hotel Mirabeau.—Delightful residence. Homelike atmos. All cmfts. & amenities. Renowned cuis. Diet. Inclu. terms from Fr.13.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.—Most-up-to-date, ideally situated. Ex. cuisine. Bar grill-room. Orches. Reasonable rates. Lucien A. Poltera, dir.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—First-class. Magnificent view of lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lenzerheide.—Grand Hotel Kurhaus.—Leading first-class hotel. Best position. Large private prk. Open-air restrnt. Trms frm Frs. 13.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large park. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, propr.

Lucerne.—Hotel Balances & Bellevue.—1st.-cl. fmly htl, ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

Lucerne.—Carlton Htl. on the Lake.—1st.-cl. Finest sit. in priv. grounds. Mod. terms. Priv. sun & lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake shore. Quiet, yet central. Full pension from frc. 15.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pl. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland) Grand Htl. Palace.—Unrivalled sit. on the lake-prom., quiet—yet central, beautiful lge. park, open-air restaurant.

Lugano.—Lloyd Hotel (Southern Switzerland).—Directly on the Lake. All cmfts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurnt. Pens. rate fm. Frs. 11.50.

Montreux.—Hotel Excelsior.—Bst. lke. side sit. 100 rms. all s'th with balcony. Ideal for peaceful, comfort. stay. Wkly. all incl. terms in £.

Oberhofen (Lake of Thun).—**Hotel Victoria.**—L'd'g in pos. and qual. Ev. com. P'k, B'th'g, Sail'g, Ten., Gar. W'kly arr'g'm'ts fr. Frs. 75.

Pontresina. The Kronenhof. The traditional English House.

Pontresina—The Palace.—First-class in every way. Own Tennis Courts. Garage. Inclusive rates from 15/-.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.—Host to the Elite. Season June 15 to end of September.

Spiez.—B.O. Spiezerhof.—On lakeside, leading hotel of district, all modern comforts. Private bathing in own grounds. Booklets, Boss, prop.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria.—Baumgarten.—Central position, large park. Golf. Plage. Own trout fishing river. Moderate terms. Diet.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading hotel of the Jungfrau district, offers most enjoyable summer holiday. Terms fm. Fr. 15.50. F. Borter, Propr.

Zermatt.—The Seiler Hotel.—The very place for a really great holiday. Pension terms from Frs. 10, 12.50 and 13 up.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest sitn. at entrance to Swiss National Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant and bar.

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THE inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon should ever bless William Shakespeare for being born there. Yet it is to a Mr. Charles Flower that they are even more indebted, for it was due to his energy that Stratford has become a place of pilgrimage to which the world flocks—especially during the weeks from April to September in each year when the Shakespeare Festivals are taking place.

In normal times, as many as twenty nationalities have been known to be staying at one time in one of her principal hotels; yet this year because of the world unrest, there is room for you and for me without any fear of being crowded out by pilgrims from overseas.

But even if there had been no William Shakespeare, I contend that Stratford would have achieved popularity. Its position on the banks of the Avon, its advantages as a Dormy house for those who would visit the Cotswolds, such places as Sulgrave Manor (the home of the Washington family), Warwick, Kenilworth and Malvern—or indeed for the history to be found within its own borders.

Hotels are legion in Stratford. Every other house, too, seems to offer "Board Residence" or "Bed and Breakfast," so I pity the poor stranger who lights on Stratford-on-Avon without prior knowledge. Her principal hotels are the Shakespeare, the Falcon, the Washington Irving (once the Red House), the White Swan (a Trust House), and the L.M.S. hotel a few miles outside—the Welcombe. But it is my duty to seek out others perhaps less in the limelight, but none the less worthy of that name "hotel," in that they are "superior houses for the accommodation of strangers."

In what is termed Old Town, which is but a matter of a few minutes from the Memorial Theatre, is the William and Mary Luxury Hotel. A dangerous word to use is "luxury," because it implies expensiveness and great expectations. Expensive it is not, but luxurious it is. Mr. H. M. Stevenson, its proprietor, is a lover of the arts, and it is reflected in the environment of the William and Mary. Stair carpets rich and luxurious to the tread; period furniture made by firms of high repute; bathrooms where everything is expensive—even down to that massive cake of bath soap which takes two hands to grasp; luxury mattresses (and, incidentally, I had the choice of hard and soft); lovely china and glassware (probably most uneconomical from an hotel standpoint) and a service and cooking which is in keeping. A meal can be had at any time, and I pay my tribute to their chef, who produced a perfectly cooked dinner with little notice at 11.0 p.m.

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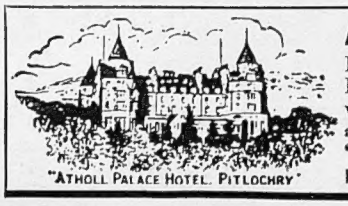
SCOTLAND



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By ASHLEY COURTENAY

f Stratford-on-Avon Whither Over The World

guest house, and the prices are perfectly reasonable. Being in a quiet backwater, I commend the William and Mary to those who are appreciative of the good things of life in a medium-sized hotel of thirty-seven bedrooms.

Of the private hotels in Stratford-on-Avon, Alveston Manor must surely be the most sought-after. On the night I was there, I overheard the locals in The Drunken Duck bewailing the fact that Stratford was so quiet, but Alveston Manor was practically full, and had been so for weeks. The fact is, there is real honest-to-goodness creature comfort to be had there. There is nothing "hotely," but everything homely about it. Books and comfortable chairs abound. The staff are not the usual hotel type, but the type you are always looking for in your own home but can never get. The food is of the good wholesome English kind, and you can be certain that when garden peas are about, tinned ones will be taboo.

There is a great personal touch about the whole place, and I nearly forgot to say that there is much that is genuinely old. An Elizabethan staircase, crosscut and linen-fold panelling, old beams galore, secret passages in the grounds — but no ghosts to disturb you, for even if there were I am sure they would remain very tranquil in such a pleasant atmosphere!

A picked position has Alveston Manor, overlooking Clopton Bridge, where the Banbury and Oxford roads meet. All roads seem to lead to it, and all discerning travellers sooner or later discover it.

Scottish Holidays.—As I get a number of inquiries at this time of the year, asking for places to stay at en route, it may save time and trouble if I were to mention some hotels which I recommended to a correspondent last week. Before each I have named the place where my correspondent wished to be in or near.

York, Harkers Hotel, York, The Green Man, Hammerton; Hexham, Hexham Hydro, The Railway Hotel; Bellingham; Jedburgh, Manor Head Hotel, Stow; Edinburgh, New Carlton Hotel, Braid Hills Hotel (just outside); Callander, Woodside Hotel, Doune; Ballachulish, Creagdhu Hotel, Onich; Ballock, Buchanan Arms, Drymen, Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Aberfoyle; Moffat, Crook Inn, Tweedsmuir, by Biggar; Keswick, Borrowdale Hotel, Derwent Water; Morecambe, Clifton Arms Hotel, Lytham St. Annes; Chester, Grosvenor Hotel, Blossoms Hotel; Welshpool, Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, via Oswestry; Worcester, Mansion House Ho, Evesham.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath (Near).—Limpley Stoke Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bridport.—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chagford.—Mill End Hotel. Tel. Chagford 91.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Colchester.—George Hotel.
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dover.—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS—*continued.*

ENGLAND—*continued*

Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Grassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—The Grand Hotel. Telephone 4631.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Harrogate.—St. George Hotel.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
St. Austell.—Fairmead Hotel. Tel. 76.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

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(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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